THE OPPORTVNITIE

A

COMEDY,

As it was presented by her Majesties Servants, at the private House in *Drury* Lane.

Written by IAMES SHIRLEY.

LONDON.
Printed by *Thomas Cotes* for *Andrew Crooke*, and are to be sold at the Signe of the Greene Dragon in *Pauls* Church-yard.

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TO MY TRVLY NOBLE, And my ever honored Friend, Captaine *Richard Owen.*

SIR,

THis Poeme, at my returne with you, from another Kingdome (wherein I enjoyd, as your imployments would permit, the happineſſe of your knowledge, and converſation) emergent from the Preſſe, and prepar'd to ſeeke entertainment abroad, I tooke boldneſſe thus farre to direct to your name and acceptance; promiſed by my confidence in your love to Poeſie, wherein your cleare judgement and excellent abilities would at firſt have made mee leſſe adventurous. Be pleaſ'd till time mature a worthy ſatisfaction to your favours, to ſmile upon this tender of my gratitude, and while your ſervices call you hence to enlarge your honour, by making your faith and valour more exemplary againſt a rebellious enemy, let me preſerve a peace at home, in the contemplation of your friendſhip, and be happy to profeſſe my ſelfe

Your humble Servant
and Honoror,

IA. SHIRLEY.

The Actors Names.

Aurelio.
Piſauro.
Pimponio.
Lucio.
Pietro.
Julio.
Mercutio.
Dutcheſſe and Ladies.
Ferrara.
Vrſini.
Cornelia.
Melinda.
Laura.
Borgia.
Aſcanio a Boy.
Aſca.
Grutty.

THE OPPORTVNITIE.

Act 1. Scene 1.

Enter Aurelio, Piſauro, and Pimponio.

Aur.

Xpect me an howre hence, my friend and I
Will walke and ſee the Citie, make it your
Care to get Supper ready.
Pim. If I doe not
I know who's like to fare the worſe.
Au. And be not
Drunke Sirra at our returne.
Pim. Yes I doe uſe
To be drunke before you often. *Exit.*
An. About your buſineſſe:
And how doſt like the towne, and ſituation.
Piſ. Trouble me not to anſwer ſuch dull queſtions,
I ſee nere a handſome girle yet, not a peece
Of a *bona roba*, and the Dutcheſſe hold
But the complexion of thoſe we ha ſeene,
I wonot be corrupted with the pallace
To be her bed-fellow.
An. You'l change opinion;
Perhaps we ha ſeene none but the rubbiſh, yet

There may be beauties fignior will tempt
Your moſt faſtidious appetite, I feare
I ſhall have much adoe to ſtave thee from 'em,
Piſ. To quit that feare lets leave the Citie inſtantly;
The meale wonot diſgeſt women, I eate int.
Not ſtave me from em?
We are for the warres;
This towne will turne my blood, I wonot give
A *Inlie* for my courage in twelve houres,
Vnleſſe they tie their women up.
Au. Thou haſt,
A minde to ſhew thou canſt be ſatyre, patience
But till to morrow and wee'l hence.

Enter Lucio.

Luc. Sir, let my heart preſent your welcome home,
Y'ave beene too long a ſtranger, I am happy
To imbrace you agen.
Au. Me, meaning me, dee know me?
Luc. I hope you are not jealous of my friendſhip,
I thought our familiaritie before
The ſad misfortune came that made you baniſh
Your ſelfe from *Urbin* had poſſeſt you throughly,
How firme I dare be to you.
Piſ. Doe you know him?
Au. Doſt thou know him? I nere ſaw his eyes before
To my beſt memory, are you not miſtaken.
Lu. Perhaps in your affection which no art
Hath ever made me guiltie to deſerve,
I never did betray my friend to make you
Affect theſe clouds, but be it ſo.
Au. There is
But one halfe hower added to our ages
Since firſt we ſaw the Citie.
Lu. In good time.
I will be bold to acquaint ſome bawd elſe
In whom you have more faith. *Exit.*
Au. What Riddle's this.
Piſ. Is not the Gentleman o'th to fides one wits?

What

What did he call you.

Au. Nay I know not, he
Said we had beene familiar, in his dreame ſure,
For waking I nere ſa w him.

Piſ. You ſhould have ask'd his name.

Au. To what purpoſe prithee.

Enter Pietro.

Why does that Gentleman ſtare upon us ſo.

Pie. Are you return'd, this is confidence
You may repent.

Au. Save you ſignior.

Pie. And you too.

Piſ. Dee meane both ons?

Pie. One has ſome neede, yo're welcome Signior to *Urbin.*

Au. Thanke you, what's your name I pray.

Pie. If you ha forgot mine, I remember *Borgia.*
A friend of yours, deſires but to renew
Acquaintance we'e.

Au. What friend. *Pie.* You will heare more.

Piſ. Iigges, ſhall I after him and knocke
Him o're the pate.

Au. For what.

Piſ. For looking on's
So ſcurvily.

Au. That may be dangerous,
Did he not name *Borgia.*

Piſ. But whether
He meant himſelfe or you I underſtand not.

Au. He might as well ha cald me *Bethlem Gabor*;
Lets walke on ſtill.

Enter Julio.

Iu. Ha *Borgia*, 'tis he, my noble friend returnd,
Welcome, a thouſand welcomes in thy boſome;
Why doe you weare this ſtrangeneſſe in your face,
Can a few yeares render me loſt to *Borgia.*

Au. Sure he does call me *Borgia.* *Iu.* Thou wert
Vnkinde in thy departure, with what devotion

Could I have beene a partner in thy travell
And have unequall fortune, being absent
Why was not I summond to wait upon thee
In any part o'th world, but againe welcome,
When arriv'd yee.

An. I am very like some body,
They all mistake me thus, we ha seene no friends since.

Iu. Is this Gentleman.

An. One deare in my acquaintance.

Iu. I am your servant, thy unexpected sight
Will glad *Adrentios* heart, your noble father
Who hath long mourn'd your absence.

Pis. Good old man,
He will rejoyce to see him here no doubt on't.

An. Remember my fathers name.

Iu. You have lost an Vncle, but all his estate
Your Father is possest of.

An. Dead! *Iu.* His age
Was fit for heaven, his wealth is added to
Your fathers to make yours the greater fortune.

Pis. Take it upon you. *An.* Pardon noble friend,
I was perswaded time and absence had
Wrought such a change upon my face, that no man
Would know me agen, but tho I may to some
Appeare a stranger, I must stand discover'd
To a friends penetrating eye, agen
Possest your faithfull servant, whats my name.

Iu. Deare *Borgia.*

Pis. *Borgia* I must remember you.

Iu. Shall I waite on you to your father Sir.

An. What were I best to doe.

Iu. Your sisters growne a gallant gentlewoman,
The onely beautie of *Vrbin*, and waits on
The Dutchesse, her soft lips will seale your welcome.

Pis. A handsome gentlewoman, goe.

An. He does but jeast, they are all witches here.

Pis. No more Ieeres.
Go or be lame for ever.

Au. Is she growne
Worthy that houre you expresse, and has
The Dutchesse taken her to grace.
In. Tis more then whisper'd,
The favorite loves her.
Au. Who. *In.* He that was cause
Of your remove *Vrsini.*
Au. Cry you mercy,
I know him well enough; but does he love her?
In. Tis rumord so ith court.
Pis. You will be tripping,
Your owne heeles up.
Au. I hope my sisters honest. *In.* Who *Cornelia.*
Au. Remember that name too.
Pis. Let me alone
To remember her, *Cornelia* for more
Securitie, Ile put her in my table booke.
In. There is no Lady in the preserves
A clearer fame, as modest as shees faire,
And so ingenious.
Pis. I would excuse
Her modestie, but she may be converted
In time; tho sturdy Oake we know, and so forth

Enter Mercutio, Lucio

Au. You speake a welcome Character.
In. Your father
It seemes his willing eare hath catchd the newes
Of your arive.
Pis. Kneele downe. *Au.* See if he first knows me.
Tis a wise father now knowes his owne child.
Mer. My dearest *Borgia*, comfort of my age.
My joy of soule, a fatherr prayers and blessing
Make thee a happy man, my eyes must speake
Part of my joy in teares, welcome from *Naples.*
Au. Your pardon Sir
That thus I steale upon you, I wod hope
My sister----
Pi. *Cornelia.*

Au. *Cornelia* is in health.
Mer. And will be a glad ſoule to imbrace her brother
Au. Your pardon Sir that I ſeem'd ſtrange to you.
Lu. 'Tis recompence now that you pleaſe to owne me.
Mer. *Iulio* an honeſt gentleman, and one
That loves us *Borgia*.
Au. I heare my Vncle
Has left us---
Pi. A good eſtate, ther's the leſſe cauſe
To mourne for him.
Au. We muſt all tread that path,
Here is a friend of mine to whoſe truſt and favour
I have beene much engag'd.
Mer. Sir what I want
In language, Ile ſupply with other welcome,
Pleaſe you to honour my poore wife.
Piſ: The ſervice
Of my unworthy life is yours, command it,
I wod you had another handſome daughter.
Mer. I preſume you were preſented a glad object
To *Lucio*, your affections grew from children.
Au. To *Lucio* we carry but one heart.
Piſ. Doe not forget his name now.
Mer. But my ſonne
We dwell to long thus publique, let us perfect
Enter Pietro.
Our ceremony at home, *Pietro*
One of the favorits creatures.
Pie. Tis the Dutcheſſe,
Command *Mercutio* you waite upon her
Preſently at Court, and bring young *Borgia*
Along wee to expect her graces pleaſure. *Exit.*
Mer. We muſt obey.
Au. What makes your countenance change Sir.
Mer. My feares poore *Borgia* for thee.
Au. For me.
Piſ. Howes that? his feares?
Mer. While my ag'd armes are in,

A loving contention to imbrace thee,
I wiſh thee from hence this ground betrayd thee,
Embarke agen, the Seas have uſd thee kindly,
Truſt them agen, or any land but this:
This will undoe us both, the joy of ſeeing thee
Made me forget thy danger.
An. Danger Sir,
What have I done, to call theſe feares upon you?
Piſ. Take heede, be wiſe, I know not what to thinke on't
Mer. What haſt done ſaiſt, nothing to diſhonour thee,
Thou kildſt him fairely.
Piſ. Kild I thinke; you were beſt
Be *Aurelio* agen, and leave your ſiſter
But Ile fiſh out the circumſtance, walke melancholy.
An. Prithee doe.
Piſ. Although your ſonne has pleaſd
To call me friend, I finde he has reſervd
Something he wod not credit to my boſome;
I have obſerv'd his trouble, but unwilling
By moving queſtions to renew his ſufferings:
If my particular knowledge of his fate
May be no prejudice, tho it be without
My verge to ſerve him, I can willingly
Share in their griefe that love him.
Mer. You ſpeake nobly,
Twas his misfortune Sir provok'd to kill
A Gentleman, brother to *Vrſini*, who
Was favorite to the Duke deceaſd, and now
Grac'd by the Dutcheſſe, by whoſe power he may
Command him dead, theſe ſummons I ſuſpect;
But take my counſell *Borgia*, and deceive
His expectation of revenge, ſince more
He bids thee flie; would ſlay thee in his heart,
Let me runne their diſpleaſure.
An. Not for me Sir,
I am reſolv'd, 'tis better dye at home,
Then waſt my life an exile, Ile to Court we'e.
Piſ. Y'are not mad.

An.

Au. Thou art a foole, cannot I caſt
Borgias skin off when I pleaſe, I muſt
See my faire ſiſter at a minuts warning,
Thou art evidence for me; father I waite you,
My ſiſters there you ſay, doe not doubt me;
At worſt, Ile have a tricke to keepe my head on:
Come friend and Gentlemen.

Iu. We attend. *Exit.*

Enter Dutcheſſe, Vrſini, Cornelia, Melinda, Laura.

Du. You have prevail'd *Vrſini*: yet we thought
Of all men living you would leaſt have beene
A ſutor for his pardon, but tis ſign'd
He owes you for his life.

Vrſ. Your mercy rather,
I have conſider'd madam I did loſe
A brother, whoſe repaire I ſhall not finde
Now in anothers blood, the Gentleman
Hath ſuffer'd, though not what the Lawes determine,
Many yeares pennance, ſo ſevere, perhaps
That he is come by offering himſelfe now
A ſacrifice to your juſtice, to prevent
A death more killing, ſtill to live a ſtranger
To his owne friends and countrey.

Du. If your charitie
Extend ſo farre, the reſt we have diſpenc'd with,
He is return'd for certaine? he is either
Wearie of life, or maſter of a confidence
That might have beene his ruine.

Vrſ. This will make
Your act of mercy ſhine the brighter Madam.

Du. It will, but let me aske you good my Lord,
Does this proceede out of a cleare forgiveneſſe:
Time I allow may qualifie the thought
Of our revenge, and ſomething elſe of pittie
May ſo take off the roughneſſe of our ſoule
That we may have a noble charitie
To our enemy, but has your end no mixture
Of ſomething elſe, that may advance a hope

To ſatisfie deſire ſome other way?
No time to profit or delight? be plaine;
For I muſt know your breſt.
Vrſ. You ſhall ſee through me,
I dare not weare a thought leſſe than tranſparent,
I love his ſiſter Madam, faire *Cornelia*
With thoſe intents become me, in that flame
I ſacrifice all thoughts that wound her brother
And wiſh no happier ſatisfaction,
And by that charme of her conſent to love
My brother is redevivd in *Borgia*.
Dut. Y'are briefe, yet plaine; how point *Cornelias*
Affections.
Vrſ. I have wooed her but in complement,
And tho there may be ſonnes to admit
My ſervices, I finde ſhe is all obedience
To her father, whom the apprehenſion
Of his ſonnes fortune may have indiſpoſd
To a preſent reconcilement.
Dut. This one act
Will make him kinde, and forme him to your wiſhes.
Vrſ. If they might have the happineſſe to be
Propounded by your highneſſe to *Mercutio*,
I propheſie ſucceſſe, pardon great Madam,
If after all your princely favors I
Begge this with many bluſhes, love is grac'd
By dwelling on your breath.
Dut. Vrſini ſince
The Duke dyed you have found no loſſe in our
Eſteeme, to his aſhes I have paid that dutie
To grace whom he affected, and be confident
We ſhall not deny this, is he not come yet?
Vrſ. He will attend your grace——who waits.

Enter Pietro.

Pie. Signior *Mercutio*
Expects your graces pleaſure, with him his ſonne
Borgia
Cor. My brother. *Dut.* Tho we pardon him

We muſt put on a brow of ſome diſpleaſure
And chide his fault, he may be encourag'd elſe
To a ſecond inſolence.

Vrſ. Gently I beſeech you,
There may be a puniſhment within your eye
To kill him, and ſo make the benefit
Is meant him, of no vertue, or to himſelfe,
Or my deſigne.

Dut. How is the name of gentleman
Diſhonor'd by ſuch deſperate undertakings;
That more then guiltie of humane blood, doe kill
Even Charity.

Enter Mecutio, Borgia, Piſauro.

Vrſ. Th'are admitted.

Dut. Is that he?
We ſent for you *Mercutio* to tell you
How much you owe to good *Vrſinis* love,
At whoſe earneſt ſolicite we have ſign'd
Young *Borgias* pardon, if you examine well;
You will have cauſe to place him in the firſt
Ranke of your friends.

Mer. Shall I beleeve my eyes,
My nnderſtanding? how is *Mercutio* bleſt?
Looke boy the pardon, heaven reward thy charities.
My Lord for ſaving one, command the lives
Of all our family, thou ſoule of honour;
Looke *Borgia*.

Piſ. What de'e meane
Kneele to the Dutcheſſe, and acknowledge.

Bor. What.

Piſ. A pardon for your life.

Bor. I am loſt here

Piſauro, an excellent creature.

Piſ. You'l ſpoile all,
Shee's yet your ſiſter, I doe like her coo[illegible]
Kneele for your pardon, and you may chooſe your gallowes
In time, wood I were hanged on no worſe peece
Of timber, how nimbly would I climbe the Ladder,

Ha you no ſence? humble your knees to thanke
Her highneſſe and that gentleman.
Du. Why does
That fellow kneele *Urſini.*
Urſ. 'Tis Signior *Borgia,*
His heart is full of thankes.
Du. I looke not for em;
What doe I feele? command him riſe.
Urſ. Deare Madam.
Looke calme upon him.
Piſ. Shee'l reverſe the pardon.
Cor. Are you my brother Sir?
Bo. As ſure as you are my ſiſter; do you doubt me.
Cor. How now *Cornelia*, pray excuſe me brother,
My joy to ſee you ſafe doth halfe tranſport me.
Du. Mercutio.
Piſ. I am converted now,
And doe beleeve there are ſome handſome women;
Young Gentleman, not too much, too much at once,
Remember y'are her brother, he is taken.
Mer. Your grace is pleaſd to enlarge my happineſſe;
My daughter is much honord, but I muſt
Beſeech your Lordſhip to allow we may
In ſuch a cauſe as this, enquire her judgement,
And ſince by'th bounty of your highneſſe, I
Have a ſonne now, whoſe joy may be concernd in't;
I would not willingly conclude her marriage
Without his voyce too.
Urſ. I am confident
To incline his favour, ſince ſhe has declar'd
Herſelfe no enemy.
Du. Cornelia.
Urſ. Sir I have a ſuite to you.
Bo. You have deſerv'd
My life, which ought to waſte it ſelfe in ſervice.
Urſ. I am an honorer of your faire ſiſter,
It reſts in you to perfect my ambition.
And make her mine.

Bo. How do you meane my Lord.

Pis. Now hee's put toot, she is *Vrsinis* mistresse.
As he is *Borgia*, he can have no
Pretence to oppose him, if he discover
And be *Aurelio* agen, he destroyes all
Hope for himselfe, for I perceive hee's taken with her,
I know by the motion of his nose, which pants
Like the Bellowes of an Organ.

Vrs. Sir your fathers
Voyce speakes in yours, you now command my destinie
If you will make me happy.

Bo. Noble Sir,
I am sorry where such infinite merits plead
I have no power to serve your noble wishes,
And keepe the honour of a gentleman.

Vrs. Your family I take it can receive
No staine by my alliance.

Bo. 'Twere a blessing.

Pis. How will he come off?

Bo. Mistake not I beseech you,
I have already engaged my selfe to a Gentleman
Of a noble house in *Millan*, one *Aurelio*
Andreozzi.

Pis. Thats himselfe.

Bo. Who on the fight of
Her picture which I gave him, courted me
To wooe the substance for him, promising
To follow me in person, being one
To whom I had many obligations
In the *Millan* Court, I paund the credit
Of a gentleman, to assist his faire desires,
If in few dayes he come to *Vrbin*; but
I am confident his young affections
Which had no other life but what a dead
Representation could infuse, will soone
Vanish agen, and leave me to be serviceable
In what you will command me, and be sure
I will not racke your patience to much length;

If

If in few dayes he appeare not, I will thinke
My promise disobliged, and direct all
My abilities to make your wishes prosper:
It will become my gratitude.

Vrs. You speake nobly.

Bo. The pleasures of the Court will so abate
His thoughts this way, that I presume your Lordship
Will soone be master of that amorous province
You ayme at, and much honour your poore servant.

Vrs. Let this confirme, I am yours.

Pis. So so, this was indifferently well carried, I was jealous
Of a more lame come off.

Vrs. Adde this one
To your other princely favours Madam, and
Admit this gentleman to kisse your hand.

Duc. Without much suite my heart would have conveyd
That to my lip, a very handsome gentleman.

Cor. What sayd the Dutchesse? doe not her eyes fix
Upon my brother? how now *Cornelia*,
I am his sister; yet I had
No acquaintance with this turbulent passions
When I last saw him.

Mer. What does her highnesse meane,
She speakes to *Vrsini*, but her eye directs
Some language this way, *Borgia* dost observe?

Bo. And wonder, but I see nothing in her eyes
To be afraid of.

Pis. If the Dutchesse should be in love with him
Here were a purchase, I doe verily
Beleeve here will be an end of all our warres,
If he have but the grace to march upon
This service and charge home: smiles, smiles upon him;
Well *Aurelio Andreozzi*, tis very possible
You may meete with your match if he mount her,
Ile bring a Ladder to his sisters fort
And then the town's our owne, she calls him to her.

Mer. *Cornelia*, canst thou interpret this?

Cor. Her grace is very pleasant, good good heart

Bë patient.

Pis. She plaies with him good, better,
I, is your ſpirit up my nimble Dutcheſſe,
Would I had the conjuring of it downe, *Vrſini*
Lookes like a whelpe had loſt his taile alreadie.

Vrſ. I was jealous ſhe would chide and frowne upon him,
praid her be gentle, and looke calme, Iſt come
To this.

Du. Vrſini, I have thought how to ſupply
That place of Secretary that is vacant, ſee
That *Borgia* be ſworne, we apprehend
His fitneſſe.

Vrſ. Madam.

Du. I hope this will pleaſe you
Vrſini, we can grace whom you preſent;
He is more gentleman than to forget
How for your ſake we honor him; I ſhall
Betray too much of women, *Borgia*
Attends us; come *Cornelia*, *Vrſini*,
Mercutio, make the Court not ſo much ſtranger. *Exeunt.*

Bo. Ile follow: what doſt thinke of this *Piſauro*.

Piſ. I thinke the Dutcheſſe loves thee, and make uſe on't,
Loſe no applications, that's her Secretary,
A degree to more inward indeerements,
If ſhe doe love thee, and ——

Bo. What pretence?

Piſ. Shee knowes beſt
What appetite ſhe has, let mē counſell thee,
Be not modeſt, we are made.

Bor. What?

Piſ. Thy father a Count, thou a Duke, *Vrſini*
A Coxcombe, I a fine gentleman, and one
That would be glad of the worſt of your
New female acquaintances.

Bo. There are no faces here.

Piſ. Be not you a Tyrant, Ile doe pennance
In a white ſheete with thy ſiſter for't. *Exeunt.*

Actus

Actus Secundus.

Enter Pimponio.

Pim. NO Signior *Aurelio* come yet? No maſter to be heard on, he is a fine Gentleman to uſe his Squire o' this faſhion; where ſhould he be, hee commanded me not to bee drunke, he is drunke; and drunke and dead drunke, hee would have had the grace to reele home to his lodging before this time of night elſe: let me ſee, what if the fleſh have led him a to ſide? He is falne into ſome brake, ſome wench has tyed him by the legges, and nothing elſe can excuſe him to me; yet now I thinke on't, he does forget *Pimponio*, he was not wont to be his owne purveyor, my art for the choice of his Pullin, has beene allow'd if he doe get and ſo forth an excuſe for Phyſicke, and come home founderd, the diſeaſe was none of my chooſing, it came not through my office; ſtay, what if my Signior be dead? umph? dead? my heart miſgives, they may be kild, my maſter has the ſpirit of fighting in him, and his companion is the Divell at it, an aglet hole or two in their hearts, and in a ſtrange place, my Signiors, are never miſt, tis ſo, if he bee dead — bring forth the Port-Mantue.

Enter Aſcanio, a Boy.

Aſc. Sir?

Pim. Bring forth my Port-mantue my demitive knave, and tell thy father I would ſpeake with him, he is dead, he would not have truſted me ſo long with his mony elſe, now will I make my ſelfe his heire, diſſe the world and *Aurelias* Ghoſt; but firſt of all I muſt outface mine hoaſt, ſo let me examine; very good lynings, bagge and baggage, you are mine owne,

Enter Aſco.

Thy father call him hither.

Aſ. He is comming Sir, tis very late.

Pim. Never too late to tell money, fetch me a brace of gennets I will mount em, a Covey of Curteſans; ſtay *Pimponio*, be not mad before thy time, who ſhall I ſay I am? a Prince at leaſt, I have it;

Enter Gruffy.

Here

Here comes mine Hoſt.

Gr. What would this fellow have, no newes of your maſter?

Pim. Speake that word no more on thy allegiance, here goe to bed and riſe with a cleane ſhirt.

Gr. This is gold, what does the fellow meane?

Pim. No fellowes neither, tis time to ſhew my ſelfe, where is thy boy?

Aſ. Here Signior.

Pim. Kneele downe and aske me bleſſing.

Aſ. This does looke a bleſſing, ſhall I aske another?

Pim. Aske any thing but what I am.

Aſ. You are——

Pim. Stay there, 'tis dangerous to pronounce me yet, I will be ſtill diſguiſd, my men are abſent.

Aſ. Your men.

Pim. Thou art wiſe, thine eare, I am a Prince.

Gr. How Signior.

Pim. The reaſon of my ſhape thou ſhat know hereafter, thus *Iove* has beene diſguiſd.

Aſ. Is not your name *Pimponio*?

Pim. It was my pleaſure they ſhould call me ſo, I have not found 'em truſtie;

How fares the Dutcheſſe?

Aſ. What doe I heare?

Pim. This boy ſhall waite on me, Ile have yee all.

Gr. Whether?

Pim. What Countrey ſhall I chooſe? to be a Prince of *Italy* is too well knowne, *Spaine* ſtands convenient, and far enough, where I have beene too, Ile have you all to *Spaine*.

Aſ. What to doe Signior?

Pim. For your preferments, when thou haſt got a chapman for this tub thou liv'ſt in, let me know't.

Gr. Boy this a *Spaniſh* Prince.

Aſ. A Prince of Oranges, he a *Spaniſh* Prince?

Pim. They wonnot travell thither to diſprove me, to tell the truth, I ſuſpect my two Groomes have betrayd me; I come hither to be a ſuitor to your Dutcheſſe.

Aſ. In theſe cloathes?

Pim.

Pim. You doe not know my plot, these Gentlemen my servants should cunningly have preferd mee to be the Dutchesse Foole.

Gr. Her Foole? tis very likely.

Pim. But for a time, there's mystery in that
By this meanes I resolv'd to try her nature
And disposition ere I married her,
For I can have at this present foure Kings daughters, the eldest of 'em is but seven yeares old, which shewes the parents dote upon me, and wod make sure of me betimes.

Gr. I doe beleeve your grace.

Pim. Grace, umph, thou must be advanc'd, let me see, what office, oh, thou shalt have a place at my returne in the Gallies, dost heare, a yerking preferment.

As. And what shall I bee?

Pim. Thou shalt be —a *Picaro*, in your language a Page, my chiefe *Picaro*; by degrees you may send for all your generation, I will see them mounted.

Enter Pisaura.

Pis. Where's *Pimponio*. (man.

Pim. A pox Pimpe you, they are alive agen, now am I a dead

Pis. There is a certaine moveable eoclip'd a Port-mantue.

Pim. Wod your tongue had beene clip'd.

Pis. Wherein there are some golden friends of ours.

Pim. All your friends are well.

Pis. Let me see their complexions, where are they? looke for the Signior your master a moneth hence?

As. His master, de'e observe?

Pim. Does hee not carry it handsomely, hee knowes not I have discovered my selfe to you. (guisd?

As. With your pardon Sir, is not this Signior a Prince dis-

Pis. A Prince of Puppets, who *Pimponio*?

As. And you one of his servants, to whom with
Your other fellow cal'd Signior *Aurelio*,
His person stands discover'd, he came hither
To court our Dutchesse, he has promisd us
At his returne to *Spaine* to make us Grandees.

Pis. Has he betrayd himselfe, nay then my dutie

If pleaſe your excellence. *Pim.* Away, away.

Piſ. A Prince cannot be hid tho under mountaines,
But my deere Prince, the bagges muſt goe with me
While you keepe ſtate ith Inne.

Pim. Who ſhall maintaine.

Piſ. If I did thinke thou wouldſt carry it hanſomly,—
Well, Ile excuſe thee to thy maſter, here
When thou haſt domineerd away this bagge
Thou maiſt beare more; keepe thine owne counſell, and
Thy maſter ſhannot owne thee, if thou haſt
Any ſagary, drinke, and indulge thy *Genius*;
Ile ſee thee agen before thy raigne be out,
No words but be a prince, and ſcorne to know us
And ſo I take leave of your excellence.

Pim. I ſhannot know my ſelfe, am not I a Prince
Indeed, that have beene long conceald? this is a bagge
And full of golden friends, umph, however I will
Spend it like an Emperour, theſe are not robes
Fit for a Prince I take it, *Grutti*, boy
I entertaine you both my Groome and Page, and
Say unto you, Snakes goe caſt your coates,
Here's earneſt for new skins, when things are ripe
We will to Court.

Gr. What thinkes your grace of going to bed

Pim. I am too ſober, let the whole houſe be drunke firſt,
'twill pleaſe us well to ſee the ſervants gamboll, we purpoſe
To be drunke our ſelves in ſtate too:
Let me have fiftie ſtrumpets. *Gr.* Fiftie trumpets.

Pim. Strumpets I ſay, they'l make the greater noiſe.

Aſ. Your grace will be a *Hercules*.

Pim. I will, and thou ſhalt be Captaine of the *Pigmies* under me, this roome's too narrow, beate downe the walls on both ſides, advance your lights and call the Country in, if there be a Taylor amongſt 'em he ſhall firſt take meaſure of my highneſſe, for I muſt not longer walke in *Quirpo*.

Both. We attend your excellence. *Exeunt.*

Enter Julio and Lucio.

Lu. I'me loſt i'th wonder *Julio*.

Iu.

Iu. A ſtrange turne
From that could temper we imagin'd
In her Highneſſe.
Lu. I have heard of charmes and philters.
Iu. If travell have theſe glorious effects
Ile abroad too.
Lu. He has a hanſome perſon.
Iu. And diſcourſes grant it.
Lu. Is maſter of a noble ſoule.
Iu. Soule, may let that alone, Ladies doe not looke
After the ſoule ſo much, the body will ſerve their
Turne, ſo it be nimble, and at their devotion,
If you obſerve, he is grac'd by all the Ladies
As if he were their generall minion,
I doe not like his ſiſters eyes upon him,
They whirle too much and ſeem'd to ſhoot an envie
Vpon the Dutcheſſe favors.
Lu. I am confident
Thou haſt no murmer in thy thoughts againſt him.
Iu. I but expreſſe my wonder,
In that I thinke the whole Court had a ſhare:
He knowes I love him, twill become his feare
How to ſecure *Urſini*.
Lu. He preferd him
Firſt to her highneſſe.
Iu. Not with expectation
To be ſupplanted, I make queſtion
If the humor hold, whether ſhee may not marry him,
That's a round higher then her favorite:
Had hope to climbe.
Lu. Although I honour *Borgia*
And wiſh him heartily advanc'd, I wod not
Kneele to him, my voyce is for *Ferrara*
He is a Prince, I wod not for my ſtate
This ſhod breake off his treatie.
Iu. Thy Embaſſador
To his maſter, he is ſcarce minded.
Lu. Come ſhe cannot,

Fall so low, the passion is too violent
To last—who are these? *Enter Ursini, and Ferrara.*

Iu. The Embassadour and *Ursini*, whats the matter?
I feare some discontent.

Urs. My Lord let me
Prevaile so farre, I hope you imagine I
Am firme to you, I have more cause to be
Impatient, my whole strength at Court's concernd,
But have more noble thoughts then to suspect
You can be slighted, thinke tis but a dreame
In justice to your cause, and royall master
Put on no face of discontent, returne
And see how things will close

Fer. 'Tis an affront
Bove satisfaction, but the disgrace
Reflects beyond my person.

Urs. Had she studied
Honours to his ambition, it had
Not wrong'd her prudence, to have shewne you more
Respect.

Fer. But I was not considerable;
The young Gentleman had taken up her eyes,
Her tongue, her feete, her understanding too,
I might have witherd in my seate, no beame,
No discourse this way, but that once she was pleasd
To aske me how I lik'd the gallants dancing,
Ile not disturbe her revels. *Urs.* Yet my Lord
Have so much fortitude, 'twill be a meanes
If you returne, to make her finde her errour
To your person, were she not my Princesse
I should professe my selfe ashamd, but come
Let me beseech you to goe backe, leave not
The presence so, for your owne honour Sir
Observe a little more, I hope you shannot
Repent my counsell.

Fer. I wod ye wod excuse me,
I shall but vex my eyes.

Urs. Expect a change.

Fer. You have power with me my Lord.
Vrſ. You honour me. *Exeu.*
Iu. What will become o' this, what thinke you now?
They doe reſent it, and for ought I heare
Have little hope to mend it.
Lu. Can ſhe be
In love ſo ſoone, well *Borgia*, if this
Hold, Ile applaud thy fate.
Iu. For after this
Allowance, hee'l be Duke of *Vrbin* to morrow,
Give thee joy bully, let me ſee if he
Turne Prince, tis beſt for us turne beggers.
Lu. Beggers?
Iu. Court beggers, Heel deny us nothing,
Now for ſome witty knave to finde out ſuits,
I muſt keepe ſome in penſion for that purpoſe,
They are profitable vermine, *Enter Piſaro.*
His companion.
Piſ. Save you Gentlemen, what de'e meane?
Why ſtand yee bare?
Lu. In being *Borgias* friend
It will become us.
Iu. He knowes no title yet,
But chiefe ſecretary to her highneſſe, what honours
Are in her breſt laid up for him, we know not
He has a mounting fate, and in his we
Pronounce you happy.
Piſ. We ſhall all be Princes
In time; but Gentlemen lets be more familiar
We thinke ſo well of things, does he preſerve
The Dutcheſſe ſmile, or does ſhe uſe to make
At ſome time o' the Moone ſport with her ſubjects.
Iu. You are wide all the heaven Sir, had you come
A little ſooner you had heard diſcourſe. *Enter Borgia.*
To cleare your doubt, hee's here himſelfe.
Bo. Piſaro,
What will become on's, tis as thou ſaiſt?
Piſ. What prethee?

Bo. The Dutcheſſe is mad,

Piſ. How!

Bor. Why ſhe is certainly in love, ſhat in and ſee
How I am us'd, and yet I now come forth
To recover breath, I ha danc'd my ſelfe to a jellie,
The Ladies ha no mercy; but the Dutcheſſe

Piſ. What prethee.

Bo. Is as I told thee mad, I prethee counſell me
Altho her grace be pleaſd to ſhew me favors
'Twere boldneſſe to beleeve, and thanke her.

Piſ. How?
I hope thou art not mad.

Bo. I know not whether
The fit will laſt, I may hold ſome proportion
With *Cornelia*, my ſuppos'd ſiſter, ſhe
Poore wretch does caſt ſuch ſpeaking eyes upon me
As ſhe were Iealous of the Dutcheſſe too,
And wrings me by the hand when I dance with her.

Enter Pietro.

Pie. The Dutcheſſe Sir calls for you.

Bo. I attend;
What were I beſt to doe?

Piſ. Doſt make a queſtion
Loſe not the fortune that's preſented in
The Dutcheſſe love, thy ſtarres ordaind thee for her;
Ile make a ſhift with *Cornelia*, looke high
And proſper, when th'art a Duke, I ſay no more

Bo. What ſhall's doe with *Pimponio*? that foole
May betray all.

Piſ. He is a Prince before you
I ha made him ſure, and ſwolne him into a pride,
He ſhall not know you, but of that hereafter,
Away and pleaſe the Dutcheſſe.

Enter Dutcheſſe, Ladies, Ferrara, Urſini.

Bo. Your graces pardon?

Du. 'Tis late, good night my Lord Embaſſador. *Exit.*

Fer. 'Tis well I am bid goodnight, yet all my hopes
Vaniſh in miſts, what thinke you now coſin?

Urſ.

Vrſ. I know not what to thinke, let me waite on you
To your lodgings.
Fer. They joyne toth' Court.
Vrſ. 'Tis the leſſe ſervice.
Fer. To morrow morning if I may be honor'd
With your preſence, I will impart a ſecret to you,
And be happy in your Counſell.
Vrſ. I obey
Any commands.
Fer. For this time give me pardon, goodnight my Lord. *Ex.*
Vrſ. A happy night to your Lordſhip,
After ſo many yeares ſpent in the Court,
I am to learne the tricke on't, theſe are actions
Gainſt my firſt rules, I am ignorant
Of this new Court philoſophy, what ſhould
The Dutcheſſe meane, ſo prodigall of her graces
To one ſhe ſcarſe remembers, with ſuch open
Neglect to th' Dukes Embaſſador? I was carefull
She wod not uſe him kindely enough, went not
Affection to his ſiſter, lyes up my
Revenge, Ide drop it on his heart, but I
Muſt worke with art, and by a Counter magicke
Diſſolve his ſpell, or forme him to my purpoſe.

Enter Laura and Melinda.

You have beene waiting on the Dutcheſſe Ladies?
Lau. She diſmis'd us. *Vrſ.* With what circumſtance?
Is ſhe ſtill pleaſant?
Mel. Strangely altered
Since young *Borgia* tooke his leave and melancholly:
Well, I ſuſpect——
Vrſ. What Madam?
Mel. Sheele ſcarſe ſleepe
To night, for dreaming oth' Gentleman.
Vrſ. He is gone then?
Lau. Yes, we ſaw his departure my Lord,
He kiſt us both, but we put forward firſt,
He is the hanſomſt Gentleman; dee thinke
He weares his owne haire?

Mil.

Mil. I was about
To aske him once, but thought he was modest
And wod ha blushd, I wod I had his picture.
Vrs. His substance Madam, but take heede, the Dutchesse
Must have no rivall, how dee affect his talke?
Lau. That was not my part to observe, we did divide
Our Provences, each Lady tooke a member
To examine, when we have conferd our notes
Ile tell yee what the body of Ladies thinke on him.
Mel. Nay wee'l take him a peeces e're we ha done.
Vrs. And who shall set him together agen? my Ladies
I waite on you.
Lau. Your Lordship will too much honour us.
Vrs. 'Tis the way to my owne lodging.
Mel. If it were not the way my Lord, your Lordship
Could not be destitute of a lodging at Court.
Vrs. Your Charitie would releeve me, use my service. *Exit.*

Enter Fer. and Pie. with a light.

Fer. There is no such affliction to the soule
As that which should preserve it, love, a passion
That with consent betrayes our understanding,
And leaves man but a heape of flame and ruins;
I was safe till I had seene her, busie fame
Tooke but possession of my eare, my owne
Rashnesse and vanitie engagd my person
To see what was commended, and I suffer for't,
Leave me.
Pie. Tis darke my Lord.
Fer. Thou ly'st, tis light
And by these fires I see too much, away,
I shall soone reach my lodgings, night and I
Shall agree well together, if my stay
Be long, remember that you left me under
The pallace windowes, leave to be officious
And obey me——till this night she gave me faire *Exit.*
Respect, and seem'd to allow the loving treatie,
I was dull not to uncloud me all this while
The knowledge of my person had engagd her

Beside

Beſide my act of love, and ſo much confidence
Paſt all retreate, and yet ſhe is a woman,
Whoſe nature is unſteady as the waves,
Vpon which fooliſh man runnes deſperate
To me a ruine. *Enter Borgia.*

Bor. Fortune thou ſmilſt too much, I ſhall ſuſpect
Thy giddineſſe, take eyes to thee and ſee
To what a flattering height thou haſt exalted
A credulous man.

Fer. What voice is that, it had
A ſound of melancholy, darkeneſſe ſecure me.

Bor. But why make I ridiculous application
To fortune? love is onely active here;
The tyrant love, more blinde then chance, I am
Full of diſtraction, there's a labyrinth
Within, and more I tread, the more I am loſt
Betwixt the Dutcheſſe and *Cornelia*
My ſoule divids, I muſt not be a foole,
And for the fable of amorous love
Leave ſtate that courts me with a glorious title.
And yet *Cornelia* is fury, and lookes
Withall the charmes of love upon her brow,
What will ſhe doe when ſhe beleeves I am
No brother?

Fer. Tis the new ague *Borgia*
That ſhakes the court, how confidently he talkes
To himſelfe, a light ſtrikes from the Dutcheſſe window
And mucſike; Ile obſerve, the gallant may
Have ſome appointment. *Song.* *Cornelia above.*

Bo. Alas poore love-ſicke Lady, what if I
Attempted farther, the excuſe will fall
More eaſie on a ſtranger, Lady, hiſt.

Cor. Whoe's that?

Bo. One that does wiſh the happineſſe
To ſee your face, you have bleſt my eares already.

Cor. What are you?

Bo. My name's *Borgia*, if you be
A faire one of the court, time is not old

Since I was a gueſt there.

Cor. 'Tis he, Ile not loſe
This opportunitie, Sir your boldneſſe
Speakes you a ſtranger, and in part excuſes
You are alone.

Bo. I am. *Cor.* I expect not
Vpon ſo ſmall acquaintance you ſhould know
My voyce agen, I am the Dutcheſſe Sir.

Bo. Your graces humble creature, may I hope
You'l pardon this attempt.

Cor. Vpon condition
You will forget the freedome of our nature
And not grow inſolent upon our favours,
We were late pleas'd to ſhew you, 'twas not love
But mirth, we meant our court the wantonneſſe
Of reveling nights, which we upon retirements
Know how to checke and punniſh too in men,
That dare licentiouſly apply to our
Diſhonour: if your ſervice in that place
Of ſecretary we have nam'd you for
Be diligent and faithfull, we repent not
That choiſe, but on your life feede no ambition
Higher, it will be a degree next treaſon
To us, and the honour of *Ferrara's* Duke,
With whom becauſe you are our ſecretary
We let you know our thoughts are fixt to marry,

Fer. What bleſſing hath my eare tooke in? ſhe is
Reſolv'd to my deſires.

Cor. Are you gone Sir?
Sleepe wiſely if you can, we ſhall expect
Your attendance in the morning, but no thought
On forfeit of your life beyond whats dutie.

Fer. I have enough to morrow I reſolve
To be my ſelfe, and with a ſtare becomming
Ferrara Duke, challenge this happineſſe,
Forgive deare Princeſſe I ſuſpected thee, *Exit.*

Enter Dutcheſſe above.

Cor. The Dutcheſſe ſhee'l ſpoyle all.

Dut.

Dut. I heard your voyce more loud then uſuall,
Whom ſpake you to?
Cor. Heer's no body and pleaſe your grace.
Dut. You hold ſome dialogue at the window then,
Ile know.
Cor. My brother *Borgia* Madam.
Dut. Borgia, leave us. *Cor.* I hope hee's gone.
Bo. I muſt confeſſe you are my Princeſſe Madam,
To whoſe leaſt command I owe my blood and fortune.
Dut. He ſpeaks to me, how does he know I am here?
Bo. And doe not thinke I can be loſt ſo much
In dutie to interpret there was any thing
In me, that could deſerve more then your paſtime;
And let me fall and dye beneath your anger,
When I tranſgreſſe ſo farre, as to forget
My humble fate which onely can be bleſt
With my obedience to you, I had not
One ſawcie application of your favours,
My heart ſhall bleed to death ere it ſhall finde
One thought of ſo much impudence.
Dut. Howes this?
Since *Cornelia* has uſurped my name
And frighted him, what ſhould make her officious
He is her brother, I muſt heare no more
Of this——you are miſtaken all this while,
I am *Cornelia* your ſiſter.
Bo. Is the Dutcheſſe gone?
Dut. You well diſtinguiſh voyces, yet ſhee's gone.
Bo. My joy of ſoule, deereſt *Cornelia*.
Tis ſhe that I muſt truſt to.
Du. I'ſt e'en ſo?
Deare brother, leaving all your ſtudied complements
I doe not like your dilatory reaſons
To *Vrſini*, I may heare you as a brother,
But muſt not trouble you to chooſe my husband;
It is the Dutcheſſe pleaſure, I ſhould marry
Vrſini, an advancement more then I
Can hope, from your election of a ſtranger

And set your heart at rest, how ere I seem'd
Inclining, destinie is not more fixt,
Then the affection I owe *Vrsini*,
Him I resolve to marry, and before
The next daies light is wasted.
Bo. I am undone
A'both sides, heare me yet but speake.
Dut. What would you say brother?
Bo. I am not thy brother.
Dut. How, not *Borgia*.
Bo. Not *Borgia*, the whole towne's mistaken
My name is *Aurelio Andreozzi*,
I was borne in *Millan*, with my friend design'd
To see some service in the German warres;
At the first sight I must confesse I lov'd thee:
To enjoy thy conversation more freely,
I was content to seeme what men would call me
Dut. You tell me wonders.
Bo. I can give thee proofe,
But to no purpose now, and tell thee too
Enough to make thee thinke I may be worthy,
But since 'tis so, I am glad you ha' discover'd
Your resolution so soone, good night te'e,
Ile make no noyse to morrow, when I take
My journey.
Dut. Stay, he must not be so lost,
This is a strange discovery, if you can
Bring testimony that you are not *Borgia*,
You shall not Sir repent your comming hither,
Nor yet despaire of any noble wayes
That may reward your good opinion,
Tis late; a lovers dreame charme all your senses,
And waking finde your wishes, if you please
Vntill I aske a further satisfaction,
Be still conceal'd. *Exit.*
Bo. There may be hope, although
My first love I confesse reflect on this,
The Dutchesse yet, had not beene much amisse. *Exit.*

Actus

Actus Tertius.

Enter Grutti and Aſcanio.

Gr. WHy, I ſhall hardly take thee for my owne naturall child.

Aſ. Let me alone with my Don, if I do not fit him, let me never finde the way into my owne breeches agen, I would be loath to die in a wrong caſe and bee miſtaken in another world; is the muſicke ready, and the wine father? can the fellowes doe their dance hanſomely, in ſtead of a maske to entertaine his highneſſe, I am ſorry my legges are out of tune, I have a great minde to be capering.

Gr. My owne wit, my owne naturall wit to a haire.

Aſ. Not too much haire of your owne, and wit together, father, tis not the faſhion: de' heare, whatſoever I ſay, be you drunk time enough to juſtifie it, the bills ſhall be diſcharged without ſcrupulous examination, ſowſe in wine and give him Sea roome, if his head leake we will pumpe his breeches, he ſhall not ſinke with all his ballaſt I warrant him.

Gr. A witty cracke, and my owne boy ſtill.

Aſ. Your owne boy? take heed what you ſay, leſt you bee driven to juſtifie it, you have no minde to wake my mother from her grave, tis enough I aske you bleſſing, I doe long to be metamorphoſed, and purſue his princely humor out of breath — Muſicke, tis well, his grace is upon entrance.

Gr. Diſpatch boy. *Aſ.* I know my cue to enter. *Exit.*

Enter Pimponio, like a Spaniſh Don, and Servants.

Pim. And how, and how doe things become? We were in clouds but now.

Gr. Your highneſſe is broken out.

Pim. Broken out, where?

Gr. Out of the clouds and pleaſe you.

Pim. There is no infidell among you then,
You all beleeve I am a Prince, de'e heare,
At all adventures let it goe no further,
There are no traytors I hope amongſt yee.

Gr. Traytors, we will cut off any mans necke that dares but thinke ſo.

Pim. Doe and I will juſtifie it, hang necks among friends, although I am pleaſd to reveale the majeſtie of my perſon to you, it is not fit every one ſhould know ſo much, you are ſtrangers, and therefore I dare truſt you, but the Dutcheſſe muſt not heare on't upon your lives; ſhe and I muſt be better acquainted when I ſee my time; Ile tell you, the toy may take me i'th head to looke like a foole agen, it may, greatneſſe is given to humors, and giddineſſe will runne in a blood, if it doe, doe not know me.

Gr. For what? *Pim.* For any other then I ſeeme.

Gr. Not a foole.

Pim. Thou art an aſſe, a Prince may play the foole within his owne dominions, or any other; provided they bee of his owne allies and confederates: I know where I am, but we are not merry reach me a chaire and a bottle of wine, every one take his charge.

Gr. Will not your highneſſe have the dance firſt?

Pim. They will dance the better when they are three quarters drunke.

1. *Ser.* We do not obſerve men of your nation to be ſo joviall.

Pim. Not ſubjects I grant you that, but we have privilledge muſique, and give fire at once——ſo, but me thinkes it were neceſſary there were ſome difference in our drinkings, all are not Princes, reach me a bigger bottle, I will preſerve my ſtate, this is a Princely draught—— ſo—Why have we not a Concubine? *Sound a health.* *Sound a health.* *We drinke alone.*

2. *Ser.* Brave Prince, with what a majeſtie he drinkes.

Pim. Now let em friske the dance you have prepard, I am ready to accept it.

Gr. And it ſhall pleaſe your grace, There is a high German deſires to ſpeak with you. *The dance which ended.* *Enter Gnet.*

1. *Ser.* The high German that was at Court, hee's a man of mightie parts and knowne to all the Princes in Chriſtendome, what comes he for?

Gr. I feare you are betrayd Sir, and that the Dutcheſſe has ſent for you.

Pim.

Pim. For me, I wonnot come yet.

2. *Ser.* Doe not affront him Sir, for your owne ſake, this high German has beaten all the Fencers in *Europe*.

Pim. Let him beate all the world, whats that to me? ſhall he make a prize of me?

Gr. But if he come Embaſſador from the Dutcheſſe.

Pim. That's another matter, give me the tother bottle—— Now let all the Cantons of *Swiſſe* come.

Enter Aſcanio in Swizzers habit.

Which is the high German? let me ſee him.

Gr. That Sir.

Pim. Hee's one of the loweſt high Germans that e're I look'd upon.

Aſ. I kiſſe thy highneſſe hand.

Pim. And we embrace this lowneſſe: de're heare Sir, are you a high German?

Aſ. I was ſo at the beginning of the warres, what wee are beaten to you may diſcerne.

Pim. Are you beaten to that? you'l be a very little nation and the warres continue.

Aſ. I have a meſſage to deliver you,
The faire Dutcheſſe of *Urbin*, whom I waite on,
Hearing a perſon of your blood and qualitie
So meanely lodg'd, by me deſires you would
Accept an entertainement in her Court.

Pim. We give the Dutcheſſe thankes, how knew ſhee I was here?

Aſ. It was impoſſible
You ſhould ſtay undiſcover'd many howers.
Princes have ſtrange intelligence, and you may
As ſoone tie up the Sunne beames in a net
As keepe your ſelfe unknowne; for my owne part
I am honord in the embaſſie, and ſhall
Be proud to write my ſelfe your penſioner
As I am to all the royall blood in Chriſtendomē.

Pim. O Penſioner, tis the leaſt honour we intend thee, I am a naturall Prince as ſure as I live; here weare this gold, there's more to drinke our health, wee are pleaſd no man be ſober at our returne, as he will anſwer it, you may be all my ſubjects: if I marry the Dutcheſſe Ile hang you all.

Aſ.

Orſ. How?

Pim. In chaines of preferment, drinke I ſay, and drinke to purpoſe, what will become of me now? ſtay, a word with you high German, what will the Dutcheſſe doe with me doe you thinke?

Aſ. 'Twere ſinne to ſay ſhee'l honour you, for you
Are above all addition but her love;
Your wit, your blood, your perſon, doe not loſe
The opportunitie, yet I propheſie
You will be affronted.

Pim. No matter, I ha beene affronted a hundred times, but by whom?

Aſ. Queſtionleſſe by ſome great ones,
And perhaps beaten.

Pim. I have beene beaten too upon good occaſion,
And will agen to ſave my honour, beaten?
I can take the ſtrappado, beſide in this part
I am inſenſible, a kicke is caſt away.

Aſ. If you be valiant and indure, it will
Engage her love the more, but I know
Your breeding will afford you impudence
To overcome their envies, and ſecure
This Dukedome to your ſelfe, goe on boldly,
My counſell ſhall attend.

Pim. I will goe on, and feare no beating, well
I cannot knight thee, yet prove but a witch
Ile make thee one of my privy counſellors. *Exit.*

Enter Mercutio, Iulio, and Lucio.

Mer. No more, my dutie will not let me heare it.

Lu. How not your dutie Sir?

Ju. You are not angry?

Mer. You are his friends, I ſhould not elſe be pleas'd.

Lu. We have ſaid nothing to afflict you thus,
We did expect this wod ha' made you merry.

Iu. A ſonnes preferment was not wont to be
Such diſcord to a father, a loving father,
For ſo we tooke your conſtitution.

Lu. Preferment? tis too poore a word.

Mer.

Mer. You were best tell me too he may be Duke.
Iu. He is i'th rode, I know not how he'l misse it.
Mer. This is three quarters treason, tho I love
My sonne, I must not cherish this ambition.
Iu. But it will be more then three quarters treason
If you presume to checke the Dutchesse pleasure,
And murmur thus if she resolve to marry,
And make your sonne a Duke, you'l not turne rebell.
Mer. Defend allegiance, Gentlemen mistake not
Altho I love my sonne, Ile not be guiltie
Of any thought to crosse her, but I should
Be sorry he should cast away himselfe.
Iu. How de'e meane?
Mer. As men doe use when they
Doe hange or drowne themselves.
Lu. Have you sence
And talke thus wildly. *Mer.* Yes and understand
The riddles you have told me.
Lu. Doe you count
Your sonne lost by the Dutchesse loving him?
Mer. Goe finde your wits agen, and use 'em better,
Can you be so ridiculous to thinke,
So wise, so modest, so religious
A Lady can forget her state and honour
To place affection on my sonne.
Iu. There have beene
Presidents to make it seeme no wonder.
Mer. She had better taine his head off, there had ended
My cares, the boy t'runne madde, and what can follow
Thinke yee? goe to, Ile to her highnesse presently.
Iu. What to doe?
Mer. To pray her leave him to a naturall death,
And choose some other to undoe with pride
Of her large favours; gentlemen examine
But your selves, could either of you two promise
To keepe your wits, if such a grace were offerd
To you? would it not tempt you to be mad,
To thinke of being a Duke? speake honestly,

I'ft fit indeed you ſhould be leſſe than mad?
These be ſome men ith' world ha' loſt their ſenſes
When they but chewd the Cud of a bare Lordſhip.
I ha' knowne a knighthood has turn'd ſome mens wits,
The very noyſe o'th ſpurres; then doe not blame me:
If I deſire my ſonne ſober and ſenſible,
And now I thinke on't Ile firſt ſeeke him out, *Exit.*

Enter Laura and Melinda.

Lu. I thinke the old mans mad indeed.
Deare Madam *Laura*,
Lau. Sweet Sir I cannot ſtay.
Lu. Then I can walke and waite on you. *Exit.*
Iu. You have the ſame haſte too,
Thou art a peece of the Dutcheſſe Cabinet,
I muſt heare ſome newes.
Me. Alas the Court is barren.
Iu. I know a tricke to make thee fruitfull yet,
Nay I can mend my pace Lady an you put me toot. *Exit.*

Enter Cornelia, and Piſauro.

Cor. Good Sir the reaſon why you wonder at me
Above all other women, what in me
Appeares ſo full of prodigie.
Piſ. Ile tell you,
Y'are young and handſome.
Cor. Should I grant I were,
This were no miracle.
Piſ. Withall this youth and handſomneſſe, y'are a maid.
And live at Court too, this I hope's not ordinary.
Cor. What wonder will your fancy create next.
Piſ. Y'are found too, or your phiſnomy deceives me.
Cor. The priviledge of my brothers friend muſt not
Engage me to a mockery.
Piſ. I was
About to ſay y'are patient too, I ſee
Something wud make you angry, but returne
To your firſt temper, and I'le ſoone acquaint you,
With all my purpoſe Lady, to all theſe
Commendations, which meet not in all women,

You

You have birth and fortune, and the favour of
The Dutchesse.
Cor. All these carry no such wonder
If I have understanding.
Pis. No, no, you
Are all the wonder Madam that with these
Advantages a your side to draw up mens
Affections, yet as you despaire to have
A Husband to the discredit o' your sex,
Who article at twelve to be dissemblers;
You are in love.
Cor. In love, is that a sinne?
Pis. Nay, nay, you court a Gentleman with eyes
That are not lawfull.
Cor. How Sir, be not rude.
Pis. I can say more.
Cor. Is it your mirth or madnesse.
Pis. No, no, you are mad, worse, Ile prove it,
You dote upon your brother, come tis impious,
Purge, purge betime, your blood is foule, Ime plaine
There's some one in your face now that would blush
I see through your hearts, a little more
Had spoild him quite, he had forgot all lawes
Of nature and religion, and beene fond
To both your shames, a brother, and a sister
Tempt one another, good heaven where is conscience
And modestie become? preserve your selfe
You have yet a good name, keepe it and drinke Julips,
You'l finde the benefit in your veines.
Cor. You have
Beene very bould upon my constitution.
Pis. I know it better then your Doctor, Come
Doe not deny it, I make no proclamation;
What i'st to me more then my Christian care
You should not hurt your soules, he is my friend
Betray him not, tis no good sisters part
I can assure you, if you be not dull
Or blinde with giddy passion, you may see

Another ſtarre ſhoot influence on him;
Be wiſe and envie not the Dutcheſſe favours,
Your veſſell may be rigg'd, and trim'd and lanch'd
Into a calmer Sea, and returne fraught
With lawfull priſe hereafter, I ha ſtirrd her,
But muſt not be too haſty.

Cor. I ſhall ſhew
My ſelfe too full of guilt.

Piſ. You are troubled at it,
A ſigne of grace; how are you thinke of me
Now in the heate of Counſell I'me your friend,
You'l finde it ſo, I kiſſe your hand, farewell.
De'e heare? but two words more, if you doe finde
As being acquainted beſt with your owne body,
No diſpoſition to hold out longer,
I ha' that will cure you, and Ile juſtify't.
Before the colledge—Take me,
De'e marke, that does it, I kiſſe your hand,
Agen farewell, and have a conſcience,
Ile tell you more next time, this way may worke. *Exit.*

Cor. This Gentlemans diſcourſe though ſomewhat wild
And without method ſhakes me, I am loſt
If I obey, I know not what within me
Too Prompts me to a love ſo irreligious,
He is my brother, holy thoughts poſſeſſe me,
And when a furious paſſion ſeekes to invade
My will, deſtroy it heaven—hee's here, I dare
Not ſtay to tempt my frailtie, let them move
With joy, I am not in my ſpheare of love. *Exit.*

Enter Dutcheſſe and Borgia.

Dut. But tell me ſignior, nay we are pleas'd
You ſhould be free, upon what confidence
Knowing your guilt, and danger to reward it
Durſt you returne to *Urbin*?

Bo. I was more fortunate
Then I have reaſon for, and yet my conſcience
And friends were pretious madam, nor could life
In ſuch a wilderneſſe abroad, where none,

Durst owne me, be a benifit; there was
A bessing in my fate to meete your mercy
That gave me boldnesse.

Dut. Cunningly dissembled,
You met no Lady then in all your travell,
I meane none whom you cald mistresse, with
Her loving magicke to lay charmes upon you
And forc'd your stay.

Bo. None Madam, I was not
Worth any Ladies thought, none were so lost
To their owne Iudgements to imagine me
More then a walking shaddow, or if any
Had cherish'd better thought of me a stranger,
They quickly found, they had not plac'd it right,
On so much barrennesse which left their charity
To pay it selfe. *Dut.* You doe not promise such
A hard and horrid composition,
But love may finde a shift to enter more
Then skinne deepe in your bosome, but perhaps
You left your heart at home, and could not then
Dispence with new ingagements, it was so,
And for her sake you willingly forgot
Your danger to returne, nay be not troubled,
Confession will not injure you, I like
You should preferre the beauties of your country.

Bo. It Cannot be thought flattery, if I
Acknowledge with the narrowest observation
My eyes could take, no place hath beene more fruitfull
In beautie then your owne, and it doth hold
Proportion with your excellence, all should
Be faire and imitate your first example.

Dut. I see you can be when you list a Courtier,
But this confirmes your love is planted here;
And since we are falne by accident upon
This subject, wee'l pursui't a little further;
Come I must know your Mistris, doe not doubt
I shall disturbe the progresse of your loves.

Bor. What answer shall I frame, things are not ripe

Yet for discovery, so please your highnesse.
You would be modest, and excuse, be wiser
And apprehend my meaning to advance
Your wishes, 'tis within my power to effect
As much as your ambition can ayme at:
Who is it if her heart be stubborne, we
Can make it soft, if great above your fortune,
We can raise you to her equality,
Or bring her downe to your levell, since we ha' promist
In hope not to repent: either declare
The mistresse of your thoughts, and finde them prosper.
We are not us'd to expresse such bounteous language,
But be she proudest, greatest in our Dutchy,
Without all limitation, she shall carry
No birth or state here, to despise the service
You fairely meane her: if we faile in this,
We will not thinke our strength worth the preserving.

Bo. If I have any wit. *Enter Cornelio.*

Cor. Madam the Duke.

Dut. What Duke?

Cor. The Duke of *Ferrara* with a glorious traine
Is come to Court, and as the loud voyce is
Given out by himselfe, to claime you for his wife,
For which he has your promise.

Dut. How our promise?
Can Princes be so insolent, he shrewd
His haste, but we shall lose much of our honour
To give no ceremony to his person?
How e're our thoughts point, we will entertaine him
And dresse our face in smiles.

Cor. His lookes renew
My sufferings, I have not power to manage
My wilde affection, my heart will not
Be denied but by a secret destinie.

Runnes to imbrace him. Brother.

Dut. Ha, *Cornelia*
I hope you are not courting *Borgia*,
He is your brother, know your place within

Our

Our traine. *Exit.*

Bo. Shee's jealous, jealous, ſtarres I thanke you.
Tis cleare as light ſhee does affect me now:
Did ſhe not put me too't, to name my miſtris,
Yet in a ſhaddow pointed at her ſelfe?
Be ſhe the proudeſt, greateſt in our Dutchy
Without all limitation, I mark'd that
And had my ſenſe——if great above your fortune
We can raiſe you to her equalities.
Fine moralls, poore *Cornelia* loves me too,
But I muſt give her no encouragement:
Her grace is much the better woman—ha. *Loud Muſicke.*

A paſſage over the Stage, Duke, Dutcheſſe, Urſini, Iulio, Lucio, Pietro, Ladies.

She appeard diſcontent when firſt *Cornelia*
Brought her the newes, yet they march lovingly
Together, but that ceremony muſt
Be allow'd at Court, where ſhift of face and tongue
Are wiſely to be practiz'd—my good Lord.

Enter Urſini and Pietro.

Urſ. Your ſervant *Borgia.*
Tis her graces pleaſure every gentleman
That has relation to the Duke, taſte all
The bounties of her Court.
Bo. How's this? *Urſ.* None dare
To affront a Groome on forfeit of his place,
Let all the offices of entertainment
Be free and open.
Pie. I ſhall ſignifie
Theſe her commands.
Urſ. And they that of her owne
Court are ambitious to expreſſe their duties
Let it appeare in keeping this day ſolemne
To wine and mirth, that every brow may ſpeake
A joy and welcome to the Duke.
Pie. I ſhall. *Exit.*
Bo. Here's like to be a triumph, with your Lordſhips
Pardon; was that the Duke of *Ferrara*,

Urſ.

Vrs. Yes of *Vrbin* shortly, when their marriage
Is perfect, every subjects heart prayes for it,
And sent their acclamations to heaven
To see her highnesse lovingly salute him,
Hee's a brave Prince.

Bo. A good round gentleman,
He did not flie hither; I heard talke of an
Embassadour.

Vrs. A cloud for his owne person
Till his affaires came to maturitie,
He stood conceal'd toth' Dutchesse, but last night
He gain'd her princely word to marry him,
And is this morning bright in his owne glories.

Bo. Last night.

Vrs. Ile build more faith upon his honour
Fast as a contract.

Bo. To what painted Paradise
Would she ha' led me? wood I had my sister now.

Vrs. With this joy
I had forgot my owne, *Borgia*; Brother
Let not the sound be unwelcome, tis the Dutchesses
Pleasure to honour her unworthy creature
Vrsini, by appointment of our marriage
To Waite on hers.

Bo. What marriage? *Vrs.* With your sister,
Ile not suspect your love, since fairé *Cornelia*
Is not displeasd to be directed by
Her highnesse, and be confident my love
Shall make the memory of it welcome to you;
You will excuse me if I take my leave,
These houres are full of businesse, and I have
Many commands upon me. *Exit.*

Bo. In good time,
I am in a good state agen, I was an asse
To thinke the Dutchesse meant me any thing
But mockery, she told me so before
To make more sport, I ha' lost my sister too,
Shees for *Vrsinis* carving, I could curse

My ſelfe to *Millan*, but tis not impoſſible
I may retrive *Cornelia*, by giving her
A timely ſatisfaction, I am not
Her brother *Borgia*:
Ther's all the hope is left, I ſhall be loath
To hunt two hares, and after loſe them both. *Exit.*

Actus Quartus.

Enter Mercutio and Borgia at ſeverall dores.

Mer. SOnne y'are well met. *Bo.* Your pleaſure Sir.
Mer. No great pleaſure, I am almoſt hoarſe with
Enquiring for you, I muſt aske you a queſtion,
Firſt let me examine your countenance.
Bo. Your meaning Sir?
Mer. I have no ſkill in Metapoſcopie,
Do'e know me?
Bo. I am not diſcover'd ſure,
What crotchet's this?
Mer. Hee's proud, he wonnot know me:
'Tis ſo, hee's loſt, he is undone, nay, nay,
It will become me to ſtand bare to you Sir,
And teach my hammes the officious fringe, be cover'd.
Bo. I know not how to interpret Sir your language;
Yet I would hope you mocke me not, altho
It was the Dutcheſſe pleaſure to create
Mirth from this barren heape, and counterfeit
Favors to try my duty, joyne not you
With others to enlarge my ſcorne, I am not
So tame of ſoule, but I have ſenſe of all
Their Ieeres.
Mer. Their Ieeres? whom doe you point upon?
Bo. I dare not name the Dutcheſſe, I am all
Obedience to her perſon, yet ſhe might
Have plac'd her giddy humor ſomewhere elſe
It ſwells not me with expectation,
I was not made for ſtate.
Mer. Doe not you then
Thinke to be Duke.

Bo. Should any but your selfe
Name such a title to me, I should answer
His question with a frowne, and something else
To waite upon't, tho I engag'd my life
To a fresh danger, but I am instructed
By nature and religion to be calme
At what you say. *Mer.* On this condition
Ile give thee leave to beate me, 'twas my feare
Thou hadst an easie faith, and wert transported
Indeede out of thy wits, but since I see
Thou art not madde, I will commend a wife to thee.
Bor. To me, I thanke you Sir, not yet,
I shall be madde indeed then, I will marry
None but my sister, take my word. *Mer.* Thy sister?
Bo. I cannot raile upon the Dutchesse safely;
A wife, my mother's dead.
Mer. Thoud'st not have her?
Bo. I thinke you wod not have her out of heaven.
T'were little Charity, and the whole sex
Were in a dead sleepe wer't not sinne to wake 'em;
A wife, Ile seeke my sister. *Mer.* Stay an'l take
My keyes, this opens to my gold, goe home
And take out ten bagges. *Bo.* What to doe Sir?
Mer. To spend 'em, all's thine owne, leave something for
Cornelia, because perhaps shee'l marry,
And I am satisfied, a prudent boy,
How am I bound to heaven that hee's not proud,
Nor taken in the subtle toyles of women?
Hee'l never marry, how shall I consume
My estate? Dost heare, a little portion
Will serve *Zulusini* with thy sister. *Bo.* Must
He marry her? *Mer.* Het him, we shall please
The Dutchesse too, and when she is dispold,
The rest is ours to revell with.
Bo. Ile thinke ont. *Exit.*

Enter Iulio and Lucio.

Mer. Did you not meet my sonne?
Iu. Yes somewhat melancholy.

Mer. You are deceiv'd, hee's dholericke, and lee
Me adviſe you gentlemen, although I know
He loves you, doe not mocke him, hee's no foole,
No bladder to be ſwolne with breath of praiſe
And Ladies ligges, he is ſenſible he is,
And will not be the hatefull ſtocke of paſtime
To Groomes and Pages.

Lu. What doe you meane my Lord?

Mer. Call him not Duke, I counſell you.

Iu. We doe not.

Mer. Nor do'e not thinke it poſſible it may be.

Lu. Have patience, and we doe not, we have alter'd
Our opinions, and are cleare of your ſide now.

Iu. As the wheeles move we doe thinke nothing leſſe,
Your ſonne ſhall not be Duke, there is no feare on't
Whilſt *Ferrara* lives.

Mer. He ſhall not.

Iu. So we ſay, ſleepe quietly.

Mer. He ſhall not, very peremptory,
You are no Oracles, would I were Dutcheſſe
For halfe an houre, he ſhud be Duke, de'e heare now;
No matter who repented: I thought you
Had beene his friend, he ſhannot be a Duke?
How ere I thought on't, it becomes not you
To circumſcribe his fortune, he can number
Deſcents of noble blood, and had his breedings,
Has none of the worſt faces, heads, nor hearts,
How ere you value him and diſcharge your boults
At randome thus, he ſhannot.

Lu. Heare us Sir.

Mer. He ſhall not be a Duke. *Exit.*

Lu. Did not I ſay he was mad?

Iu. That was diſſembled,
He has cauſe now to ſee a turne i'th ſtreame,
And *Ferrara* onely hopefull with the Dutcheſſe,

Enter Piſauro and Aſcanio.

What thing is that?

Piſ. Is he ſo confident?

Aſ. He will lay about like a Prince, de'e thinke

We may present him safely, till you say
The word Ile winde him up to an Emperour.
Pist. Keep thy shape boy, we wonnot lose the sport,
And happily I will acquaint these gentlemen.
Ast. If I
Should be whipt heartily for my conceit,
The little high German wud not take it kindly,
It may be the court largesse, but no matter,
I have some gold and dare venter the last
At any time for coyne of this complexion.
Lu. Are you in earnest? *Ast.* I will be excellent,
And please her highnesse, she has commanded
All libertie of mirth, Ile undertake
To prepare her.
Pist. About it then, Ile have
My part i'th enterlude, lose no time boy,
Thou shalt be Prince of Pigmieland for this:
The Dutchesse, Ile withdraw.

Enter Dutchesse, Ferrara, Ursini, Borgia, Cornelia Ladies.

Dut. My Lord, you make me wonder, challenge me
Of promises? tho I acknowledge it,
No act that could reflect with a dishonour
Vpon our person, yet we must not be
So jeasted into marriage, you are a Prince
Of an unquestion'd merit, take not these
Imaginary wayes to advance your hopes
In us, we are yet free as you my Lord,
And shall not in a dreame give up our selfe,
Were we dispos'd to marry or contract
Our selfe, the day shall witnesse it without
A blush, let guiltie soules call night to cover
Their promises, we are innocent. *Fer.* Good Madam
Render me not so lost to my owne sense,
To the honour of a Prince basely to coine
A language for my purpose, though you may
Repent the last nights freedome, and correct
Your judgement of me, make me not so miserable

To let the Court thinke I invented this
As deſtitute of nobler wayes to move you,
But I preſume this is to try my patience
And make my joyes at laſt more pretious
By this delay; I know you are all vertue
And cannot ſtaine your ſelfe by a denyall
Of any ſyllable you ſpeake.

Dut. With pardon
Of your grace, I ſhall laugh if you perſiſt thus:
You had a pleaſant dreame, but lovers
Are flatterd in their ſleepe, I ſpeake to you.

Fer. Then Madam I take leave, to tell you tis not
Done like a Princeſſe of that character
We have receiv'd, and if I had no witneſſe
I ſee what mirth we are prepar'd for.

Dut. Witneſſe
There is too much at ſtake my Lord already,
To racke this argument for your owne fame,
Proceede not to enlarge it, we would rather
Confeſſe ſome guilt againſt our ſelfe, then let
You honour be expos'd to ſuch ſtrait cenſure
For loving us, yet if you would be ſilent
In this we ſhall be proud, in other things
To have denyed you nothing, and be aſham'd
You tooke our Court ſo unprepard to honour you.

Fer. Was ever ſuch a mockery, I ſee
I muſt produce more teſtimony, you ſee
Can juſtifie if you pleaſe, I have affirm'd
Nothing but truth, altho my willing eare
Catch'd up the voyce, ſhe ſpake it to you ſignior.

Bo. What my good Lord?

Fer. That ſhe reſolv'd to marry us.

Bo. Your excellence
Muſt pardon me, I heard her highneſſe ſpeake
No language to that purpoſe.

Dut. We honour
You *Borgia* for acquitting us.

Cor. Tis truth her highneſſe never ſpake ſo, but I did

Whom suppos'd the Dutcheſſe, and this muſt
Sound *hope in* him to be ſo negative.
Fer. It ſeemes you have concluded, Madam, I
Muſt be the generall mirth.
Dus. I finde *Cornelia*
Cunning in this, and muſt apply ſome complement
For our owne honour, good my Lord your privacie.
Bo. How er'e her grace be a little impudent
I had beene madde to juſtifie the Duke
In ſuch a cauſe, ſhe has no minde to marry him,
And perhaps talk'd to me laſt night to try
My ſtrength of wit, women are ſubtill creatures.
No matter tho *Vrſini* court my ſiſter,
My ambitions taire a tother ſide agen.
Enter Iulio, and Lucio, and whiſper with the Dutcheſſe.
Vrſ. Tis ſtrange the Dutcheſſe ſhould ſo miſtake.
Cor. Vpon
My conſcience ſhe heard the words.
Vrſ. Yet She denies. *Cor.* I muſt beleeve her too:
Vrſ. You ſpeak a riddle Maddam. *Du.* Will you my Lord
Admit of ſo much mirth.
Fer. You ſhall command me.
Dut. Remit 'em then, the reſt Ile cleare hereafter
To your ſatisfaction. *Enter Aſcanio, Pimponio, Piſauro*
Piſ. De'e heare, what Prince de'e meane to call your ſelfe?
Pim. Why any Prince in *Spaine*.
Piſ. No Ile adviſe you
You ſhall be an *Italian* Prince in *Spaniſh* habit,
Now I thinke better on't, tis queint, and will
Be gratefull for the witty novelcie:
Every common Prince goes in his countries faſhion;
Such as you are not ordinary, be bold.
Bo. Why didſt bring him hither?
Piſ. Peace I may doe you a curteſie.
Keepe your owne counſell and be ignorant
Of this ſtrange Creature, ſay you are——
The Duke of——thus diſguiſd for reaſons
Knowne to your ſelfe.

Pim.

Pim. Duke of——let me alone.

Pif. And he not beaten out of't. (speech,

Pim. I wonnot, let the high German first present mee in a

Is that the Dutcheſſe? ſo, ſo.

Aſ. I warrant you. *Pim.* My maſter or his ghoſt?

Pif. You wonnot be a foole and loſe your ſelfe,

And heaven knowes what; ſcorne to take notice on him.

Remember who you are.

Pim. Vmph, umph, ſtand by fellow.

Aſ. Dutcheſſe of *Vrbin*, never was your Court

Grac'd with the preſence of ſo brave a Prince

As this, the darling and delight of Chriſtendome.

Dut. He ſeemes no leſſe.

Vrſ. What pageants ha' we got.

Aſ. And coſen not your ſelves he is no *Spaniard*,

But of *Italian* ſprightly breed, a man

Famous in Arts and Armes, as ſhall appeare

If any man dares queſtion him, ſhould your grace

But ſee him at ſome royall exerciſe

You wud thinke him more then mortall, he ſhall pitch

The Barre with any of your Guard, or drink with 'em;

Wraſtle with both the Weſt and North Olympicks,

Sings like the *Arabian* Bird, and can out-dance

The nimble Elephant, ſo rarely skil'd

In muſicke, that he has a great ambition

To goe to hell to challenge *Orpheus*

To play with him, on any Inſtrument

From the Organ to the Iewes-trumpe.

Dut. Miracles!

Aſ. Theſe are the outſide of his qualities,

But looke within him, and your grace ſhall finde

Enough to raviſh you.

Pim. Tell how I love her.

Aſ. With all theſe vertues and advantages

Of blood and ſtate he comes to court your highneſſe.

Dut. We are infinitely honord, and wud thank him,

But that we know not yet this Princes name.

Aſ. Duke of *Ferrara*, Madam, is his title.

Fer. How sirrah?

Iu. That is the Duke of *Ferrara*, what de'e meane?

Pis. Stand too't and say he is a counterfeit
A meere impostor, be not beaten out on't.

Fer. Are you Duke of *Ferrara* sirrah, ha.

Pim. I am Duke of all the world, what's that to thee?
High German stand close to me.

Asc. A true Prince needs no buckler. *Exit.*

Fer. Sirrah darst usurpe my name?

Pim. Tis mine, thou art a counterfeit,
I hope your grace will know me another time.

Urs. A base affront my Lord, and suspect
A plot of *Borgia* to dishonour you.
He durst not stay to face it.

Fer. Ile have's heart,
As for this wretch.

Pim. Doe, doe, I look'd for this, a true Prince can beare.

Fer. Madam you have not us'd me well.
I say no more. *Exit. Fer. and Urs.*

Pim. Let him goe madam, Ile call him to account hereafter.

Dut. We are displeas'd, hence with that foole and whip
him. *Exit.*

Pim. Whats the matter?

Iu. You must be whipt and strip'd my scurvie Don.

Pim. Whip a Prince? what de'e meane?

Lu. You must be Duke of *Ferrara*.

Pim. Duke of a Fiddle-sticke, you doe not meane, to let me
Catch an Ague Gentlemen?

Iu. The lash when the fit comes will keepe you warme, doe you know one *Pimpinio*, he was a foorman, you will be in case to overtake him presently, hee has the heeles on you, and you cannot give him so much weight, now you are light, stay but a little wee'l send you a whip. *Exit.*

Pim. How am I transform'd, Duke of *Ferrara* quotha, wud I were any thing, I know not what I am as they have handled me.

Enter Dutchesse and Pietro.

Dut. Is the Duke gone?

Pie. Yes Madam.

Dut.

Dut. Ile have the foole hang'd then.

Pim. That's I.

Dut. Alas poore fellow, ha, ha, ha, what art thou?

Pim. Nothing, I hope she does not know me agen, I must deny my selfe.

Dut. Come hither Sirrah,
Whose devise was it to bid you say you were Duke of *Ferrara*?

Pim. Alas not I Madam, he is gone.

Dut. Who is gone? (nesse.

Pim. The insolent fellow that made a foole of your high-

Dut. Whether is he gone?

Pim. To obey your grace and be whip'd.

Dut. Why doe you shake so?

Pim. I'me very warme and please your grace.

Dut. Where be your cloathes? (with these.

Pim. My cloathes? I never wore any more in my life, I sweat

Dut. He has punishment enough, who waites?
Bid *Borgia* attend us.

Pie. I shall Madam. *Exit.* *Enter Borgia.*

Bor. How now sirrah, what are you?

Pim. A Tumbler, doe you know me?

Bor. I know thee?

Pim. What not *Pimp*, honest *Pimponio*. *Enter Pietro.*

Pie. Signior *Borgia* her grace calls for you.

Bo. I attend. *Exit.*

Pim. How signior *Borgia*? then I am not I, and there is no Staying here to finde my selfe, as I remember some friends of mine, did promise me a comfortable whip, Ile rather venture a cold then stay for't, I must be Dukified, be perswaded into kickes—they'l returne, I wonnot tempt my destinie, she promisd to hang me, and I can doe that for my selfe when I have a minde toot. *Enter Iulio, and Lucio.*

Iu. Kicke that fellow out of the Court.

Pim. You are mistaken Sir, he meanes some body else, I have beene kicked already. *Exit.*

Enter Dutchesse and Borgia.

Bo. Madam you let fall,

Dut. Let it reward your paines.

Iu. Observ'd you that.

Dut. Convey this to *Mercatio*, it creates him
Controuller of our houshold, this I hope
Will merit more of his acquaintance with
Our Court.

Bo. You honour your poore creatures.

Dut. Leave us, *Exit.*
You may stay Sir, what suite, what that you named?

Bo. Suite Madam?

Dut. Did not you say you had a suite to us,
I hope your modestie will teach you how
To lim it your request, that it may be
Such as may both become our grant and your
Acceptance, speake what 't is.

Bo. My suite Madam?

Dut. But in the confidence of your discretion
Name and enjoy what you desire.

Bo. This bounty
Of language is beyond all my ambition.

Dut. Well Sir to'th purpose, I would have you speake
To purpose now.

Bo. To purpose, would I durst,
This exceeds all the rest, shall I be mad
And lose this opportunitie.

Dut. We are prepar'd

Bo. Better? my happinesse flowes upon me
My suite is Madam, you would be pleas'd to——
What shall I say, she lookes so keene and tempting,
I have a great mind to kisse her.

Dut. Not resolv'd yet?

Bo. Long since, my humble suite is to you Madam, that——

Dut. What?

Dut. I may be number'd still among your creatures
And keepe a blessing in your gracious smiles
Vpon my humble service.

Dut. A smile and humblest service, is this all?
You wonnot purchase much by being a Courtier.

Bo.

Bo. The greatest rise by favour, I ha lost
An opportunitie.
Dut. Is there nothing else?
Bo. She Askes agen, now Ile put her toot,
We are private, I have another suite Madam.
Dut. A courtier should have many, what is't made on?
Bo. Of love.
Dut. A prettie winter wearing, and keepes well
In fashion.
Bo. May I presume to as aske your grace.
Dut. A question? yes Sir. —
Bo. Doe you love me Madam?
Dut. How Sir?
Bo. Does your grace love me?
Dut. Audacious Groome, how dares thy soule imagine
So great an impudence, almost treason to us,
Are all our favours thought so cheape? and we
Confider'd in the crowd of other women
Fit for your mixture, to be stain'd with loose
And desperate proffers of your wanton service?
Have we no more distinction in our birth
And titles? Or de'e hope we are disarm'd
Of strength to punish such an insolence?
Had smiles tane such possession of our brow
Thou couldst expect no killing frowne for this?
Was our eye growne so tame nothing could quicken it
Into a flame, into a consuming lightning,
When such an object durst appeare to vex it?
Thus we could spurne thy sawcy head off — but
We pardon it, de'e heare? we freely pardon it,
To shew mercy is above all fault,
And that we are at home Queene of our passions,
Nor shall you suffer under the remembrance,
Tis now as it had never beene, and you keepe
The first place in our thoughts.
Bo. Ha'?
Dut. Wisely preserve 'em
And rather chide your timerous understanding

Then thinke us angry, had your sinne beene greater
We should have met it charitably, come,
You are our Secretary, write as we shall dictate.

Bo. Did ever Sunne-shine breake so suddenly
From such a blacke and most prodigious cloud?
I would ha' sold my body for a beane stalke
Within two minuts, sh'as an excellent wit
And cunningly she reines it, whats your pleasure
I shall write Madam?

Dut. A letter, a love letter, are you ready,
Write as I bid upon your life,—I love you.

Bo. I am perpar'd.

Dut. Write I love you Sir, de'e not understand me?

Bo. Shee'l make me mad, I ha' done, I love you.

Dut. How Sir? *Bo.* There wanted Sir, I love you Sir.

Dut. And if you be not short of apprehension.

Bo. And if, &c. *Dut.* You'l wisely entertaine it.

Bo. You'l wisely, &c.

Dut. All errors be forgot, meete me this evening

Bo. All errors, &c.

Dut. I'th privie Garden, and receive more testimony.

Bo. I'th privie garden, &c. (marry you.

Dut. Meane time heere is my hand, that in the morning I'le

Bo. Meane time, &c.——What a divell does she meane?
I ha' done, it wants your confirmation——so.
To whom shall I direct it?

Dut. You will be trustie, there's danger else.

Bo. To whom?

Dut. To him that loves me best,
Deceive me not farewell. *Exit.*

Bo. I love you Sir, &c. tis a letter, and I wrote it,
To whom, to him that loves her best, if none love her better,
Tis to my selfe? Why am I so scrupulous?
She has made me Chancellor in the cause,
There's noe particular nam'd, yet she was angry,
Yet she was pleasd agen, and had my crime
Beene greater, she had met it charitably.
Come I perceive the whole device as sure

As I have any ſenſe, ſhe does affect me,
And tries me at the laſt weapon of wit
How Ile behave my ſelfe, are you there Dutcheſſe;
She is my owne, and this invites me to
The cloſe of all my happineſſe, if I
Forfeit this opportunitie, let *Midas*
Tranſplant his goodly eares to this dull head;
And let all women laugh at me, my ſtarres
I bow to you, and kiſſe your influence,
I am exalted to your ſpheare already,
Where, with the Dutcheſſe I will ſit and ſhine
A conſtellation. *Enter Ferrara.*

Fer. Y'are well met Sir,

Borgia I take it.

Bor. You may change that name
And call me ſervant.

Fer. You have proſtrate language,
But carry treaſon in your heart, you know me?

Bo. Duke of *Ferrara*,

Fer. So, was't your plot to bring
That puppet to affront me 'fore the Dutcheſſe?
Was there noe other name to be uſurp'd,
Diſhonor'd, and prophan'd by hounds and monkies
But mine?

Bo. I underſtand you not, your anger
Is not directed right my Lord, I am not
Guiltie in thought.

Fer. Your feares ſhall not excuſe.

Bo. You are abus'd. *Fer.* I know I am Sir, and
Will print revenge upon your heart, 'tſhall carry
The character of a villaine.

Bo. I muſt tell you Duke. *Fer.* What Sir?

Bo. Were you maſter of the world,
Could you ſhoot death beyond a Baſiliske,
Or had you miſchiefe in your breath above
The *Lernean* vapours, or the killing ſteame
Of the hot lake that poyſons innocent Birds
But daring to flie over, I would riſe

With as much confidence to ſcorne this calumnie
As I would quench my thirſt, or chide my Groome
The drudges for me, Duke I am no villaine,
And tho my blood runnes not ſo deepe a purple
There's no corruption in the chapeſt veine
My Liver feeds, 'tis cleare and honeſt ſir,
In thy owne Court Ile meet and tell thee ſo
Mauger thy guards, and gawdy Butter-flies,
I dare, by innocence, I dare. *Fer.* You thinke
The place protects you now.
Bo. Were it in a Church
No drop of mine could ſtaine it, Duke I cannot
Feare and be maſter of a ſword, that needs
No valour in a cauſe ſo juſt as mine
To ſtirre the point, by all my hopes.
Fer. Thy hopes,
Of what reverſion? what Groomes place is vacant?
Bo. Come tis not done becomingly
To inſult becauſe you have a priviledge
Of Duke above you, I am here a ſervant
To a moſt gracious Princeſſe.
Fer. At that name I drew
New flame, and ſhould I credit thy ſoule free
From this diſhonour, thou haſt ſinne enough
In thy ambition to pull ruine on thee,
Are we too fit to be in competition Sir?
Haſt thou a thought ſo proud, ſo daring in thee
To be my rivall? Have I courted her
To her owne height, a Prince? and ſhall her vaſſall
Looke on her with an eye, leſſe then ſerves
The Altar with, becauſe ſhe is pleaſd ſome time
To laugh, and ſeeme indulgent to your ſervices
For her owne ſake, can you have braine to thinke
Such treaſon to her judgement, that ſhe loves you?
Or can ſhe be ſo loſt to truth and honour
Not to make good her promiſes to me
Religious as a contract, has ſhe not
Declard me worthy of her, and my love

The beſt of all the world. *Bo.* How was that Sir?
Fer. The beſt of all the world, tis not that I
Can be ſo poore in my eſteeme of her
Whoſe mention is ſacred, or my ſelfe
That I have any jealouſie thou canſt
Inherit poſſibly the hundredth part
Of any thought that points upon affection
Haſt thou no ſoule to apprehend thy ſcorne?
May did ſhe not, fearing thou might'ſt grow inſolent
Vpon her favours late declare herſelfe,
It was not love but mirth and wantonneſſe
Of revelling nights, commanding on thy life
Thou feede no ambition higher, or feede a thought
To her, beyond what waited upon dutie
You may remember this. *Bo.* Tis cleare, this none
Could tell him but her ſelfe, I finde too plaine
Who is the may-game of the Court, this laſt
Convinces me, your pardon mightie Sir
You love the Dutcheſſe.
Fer. Beſt ſhe will acknowledge
Of all mankind.
Bo. I have a letter to you,
I will not doubt my pardon when you reade it, (taine'd)
Tis to you Sir if there can bee a joy beyond what's there con-
Fer. Ha? I am bleſt,
Borgia let me imbrace thee my beſt friend
Dwell in my heart, divide with me *Ferrara*
Or *Vrbin*, any thing but the Dutcheſſe, ſay
Ile meet her in the Garden were it walld
With flaming Dragons, I have not a ſoule
Spacious enough to entertaine this happineſſe
Beyond my hope, above my life deare *Borgia*. *Exit.*
Bo. Beyond his hope? it ſeemes this joy was not
Expected umph, and I had no commiſſion
To give it him, after all this if ſhee
Meant it not this way, I ha' made fine worke,
She might ha' namd him, wud I had the paper
Agen, now doe I propheſie I have.

Vndone

Vndone my ſelfe, and onely her grace meant
That I ſhould meet her, curſe upon my eaſineſſe;
I have loſt an opportunitie, no fate
Flatterd a mortall with the like, dull braines,
There's yet prevention, *genius* I thanke thee,
Tis poſſible I may ſecure the Garden
And boldly meet her firſt, if any deſtinie
Owe me this bleſſing with this art I may
Redeeme my folly, never man but I
Wud loſe ſo rich an opportunitie. *Exit.*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Dutcheſſe, Mercutio, Ladies.

Mer. MAdam I know not what to ſay, my heart
Is full of heartie zeale to obey you, but the place
You have confer'd upon my yeares, is much
Above my ſtrength to ſatisfie, yet I thanke you.
Dut. You have deſerv'd we ſhould encourage you
For what is paſt, your ſonne is full of hope
And may grow up a ſtateſman.
Mer. He owes all
To your infinite favors Madam, a young man,
And would be active upon your commands.
Dut. Leave us, ſtay my Lord we muſt employ you.
Mer. I have not life enough to ſerve you Madam,
My age is now a burthen, that I could
Shake off a ſcore of winters. *Dut.* There's no ſuch
Neceſſitie of youth to execute
The ſervice you deſigne, you love your ſonne.
Mer. Above my owne health Madam, and let me
Be bold to tell your grace, I love him better
For your ſake. *Dut.* For our ſake.
Mer. That he can carry
Himſelfe ſo hanſomely to deſerve your good
Opinion, every Courtier that's advanc'd
To a warme place, does not behave himſelfe
Alwayes to purpoſe.

Dut. To what purpoſe Signior?
Mer. To pleaſe his Miſtreſſe, and I am, I muſt
Confeſſe proud of his expectations,
It makes my blood dance Madam.
Dut. You are very merry.
Mer. I hope to have more cauſe.
Dut. Well Sir, while we
Retire into the Garden, be it your care
We be not interrupted, give acceſſe
To none but *Borgia*, we have ſome privacies
Onely concerne his knowledge.
Mer. My ſonne *Borgia*.
Dut. Your ſonne, if you doe call him *Borgia*.
Mer. Shall I goe for him?
Dut. Hee'l be ſo officious
Perhaps to ſpare that trouble, if he come
Be diligent and admit him. *Exit.*
Mer. I ſhall Madam;
Shee's gone into the Garden, and commands
I give acceſſe to none but *Borgia*;
If he come, ſhe has given me another office
To keepe the doore, it has beene a preferment.
I will do't now in ſpight of my owne humour,
Ha boy! ſomething will come on't, if he have
The grace to nicke this opportunitie.

Enter Ferrara.

Fer. The evening waſtes a pace, I cannot be
Too ſoone at my deſires, whoes that?
Mer. Hee's come;
Already *Borgia*.
Fer. One ſtands Centinell,
Is that the word? who names *Borgia*.
Mer. My ſonne. *Fer.* The ſame.
Mer. This evening make thee happy, enter, no ceremony
I am not now againſt thy being a Duke,
Prove fortunate my boy, and bleſſe thy father. *Exit Fer.*
So, ſo, if it were noone, and the Sunne look'd
With his broad brighteſt eye upon't, there are

Conuenient cozining Arbors, coſt beſtow'd
On pretty mazes, labyrinths of love;
You might be there ſecure, and entertaine
Sweet time, moſt tall and faſhionable hedges
In whoſe incloſures, Ladies that are willing
May loſe themſelves, and the next walke no wiſer;
Now I thinke ont, this Cloyſter with the helpe
Of ſuch an evening might be darke enough
For ſuch a turne; many a gentlewoman
Has beene content to embrace upon worſe termes
Oh the Court lobbies, but I tell no tales,

Enter Borgia.

Another moving this way, by his favour
The Gardens taken up. *Bo.* Tis the beſt way
To ſay I am the Duke, that if he follow
He may prevent his owne acceſſe.
Mer. Vmph, umph.
Bor. That name will make the gates fly open to me
And I paſſe undiſcoverd.
Mer. What are you?
Bo. Here doe thy office, I am the Duke.
Mer. The Duke
Your grace muſt pardon me, I am commanded
To admit none, her highneſſe will enjoy
The garden privatly.
Bo. Lord *Mercutio.*
Mer. Your ſervant, but in this my dutie muſt
Ayme at anothers pleaſure, if you be
The Duke I cannot helpe it, I am but
Greene in my honours, and I would not forfeit 'em
With my owne head to boot in her firſt ſervice.
Bo. Then Ile diſcover I am *Borgia*
Your ſonne, your happy *Borgia*, be not you
The enemy, and barre my glorious fortune,
The Dutcheſſe has commanded me this evening
To meete her in the Garden, I can tell
Thee wonders old *Mercutio*, ſhe loves me,
More I have an aſſurance from her hand

Shee'l make me Duke old lad.

Mer. Be not transported
For if you be my sonne doe you observe
You are yet but *Borgia*, and I your father
Old *Mercutio*, and old lad.

Bo. Your pardon Sir,
My joy of such a blisse allowes no bound,
Why are you slow to make your sonne the happiest
Of all mankinde, the evenings bigge with glory
The winds doe whisper gently whose I am,
The birds with Musicke waite to entertaine me
Into Loves Bower, the Trees bow to my entrance,
And she that is the Mistresse of all these
Will bid me welcome.

Mer. Are you *Borgia*.

Bor. There's death in these delayes, doe not you know me?
Or dare you not beleeve what I affirme
Touching the Dutchesse.

Mer. I beleeve you are
Borgia to my griefe, and doe beleeve
What you have said; her grace did appoint me
To waite here, and commanded I should give
Accesse to none but *Borgia*, de'e marke?
She was pleasd to tell me, she had businesse onely
Concern'd your knowledge, I dispute not what,
But 'tis some excellent affaire I am confident,
She was so merry about the lippes and eyes
And praisd you to my face.

Bo. If this have faith w'ee
Why am not I admitted?

Mer. All in good time.

Bo. The gates should spread themselves.

Mer. They shall not neede, Ile teach them with lesse trouble
But first I have a suite to you.

Bo. To me,
Speake and command it.

Mer. Tis within mans remembrance
That you did want a pardon, now begge mine.

And make what other conditions *with the Dutchesse*
You please.
Bo. Your pardon?
Mer. Yes I am parcell Traytor
Against my will, and too much care about
My office made me abuse it, I admitted
Another gentleman, that deceiv'd me with
Your name, and how her grace may punish me
Is in my feares, unlesse you mediate for me.
Bo. Did any take my name.
Mer. Yes, and at first
Sound I discharg'd my duties the wrong way
And let him in.
Bo. In? whether?
Mer. Into the Dutchesse.
Bo. I am undone, this minute, I am blasted,
It was the Duke upon my life.
Mer. The Duke, it may be so, although 'twere dusk'ish
Me thought he carried more compasse with him;
But why should he take your name?
Bo. Lost for ever.
Mer. You found I had no zeale to his, how ever
Lose no more time; your power with her grace
May set all streight, and purchase me a pardon.
Bo. Be rather lost as I am in thy dotage,
Thou hast depriv'd me of the wealthiest harvest
That ever Sunne-beames shin'd on.
Mer. Does he thou me?
How would he domineere and he were *Duke?*
Bo. My fortune bleeds to death, tis now too late
That paper ruines all my hope, and were
We equall, she would scorne my want of confidence
And laugh me out o'th world.
Mer. Hee's very passionate.
Bo. But there's no dwelling in this Wildernesse,
Things past are past sorrow, there is yet
A way to binde my wound up and secure
My health, though not a life with so much state

As was expected, instantly I left
Cornelia, I know she loves me still,
At worst a little passion bellow'd
On her, with clearing I am another brother,
Makes her my owne, and keepes me from the Rascalls
I shall be jeer'd to dust else, there's my rest,
He that loves more then one is seldome blest. Exit.

Mer. Hee's gone and I am like to suffer for't.
By your highnesse favour I will write no longer
To be chastiz'd but when your grace is weary
You shall not needs to strike me at the doore,
Tis open and I vanish in the darke;
Stay and He find some others to attend you.
You will want light, my sonne shall be no Page
I perceive now, nor will I be a Courtier
Put me to keepe the doore?

Enter Cornelia, Laura, and Melinda.

Cor. Did she dismisse you then?
Lau. 'Twas not her pleasure
We should attend.
Mel. We left my Lord *Mercutio*
Your father with her.
Cor. Went she towards the Garden?
Lau. Yes, where's your brother *Borgia*?
Cor. I know not.
Mel. He is infinitely beholding to her grace,
She never mentions him without a flourish.
I know not, but if I have any skill
In lookes or language, there is something more
Then common in her highnesse breast meant toward him.
Lau. Shee may be in love.
Cor. *In love with whom?*
Laura Your brother.
Cor. I blush to heare your weakenesse, I hope he
Hath more wit then to build vaine hopes on her;
Eagles stoope not to flies.
Mel. But the Wren
Couch'd underneath the aspiring Eagles wings.

Quickly advance it selfe when to others mounted
And glories in her hight, tis but a step
And the small thing is King of birds, the fable
Has pretty moralls in't.
Cor. I am not sure
A rebell in my nature to his fortune,
But dare not pawne my owne discretion
To take up your opinions. *Enter Pietro.*
Pie. Signior *Pisauro* your brothers friend desires
To speake with you.
Lau. Wee'l leave you Madam, by this time her grace
May want our duties. *Enter Pisauro.*
Pis. Did I fright you Ladies, looke better on me.
Lau. We have seene you round Sir.
Pis. But doe not know what's in me.
Mel. We desire
To die in that pretious ignorance. *Exit.*
Pis. This Lady I hope's not of your minde.
Cor. Your pleasure
My servant saies you would speake with me?
Pis. If you
Remember Lady I was bold to urge
A little counsell on you, how it fattens
I come to understand.
Cor. What counsell Sir.
Pis. About your brother Signior *Borgia.*
Cor. Please you assist my memory.
Pis. Why it was
But this, I had a kinde of care you lov'd
This brother Madam.
Cor. Would you have me be
So impious not to affect my brother.
Pis. But you lov'd him the wrong way, de'e heare softly
You understand, with the desire of coupling:
There lies no dispensation for that locke,
Tis impious and abhominable, you had better
I'th state you are in keepe a Penitioner
To give you beats, a fellow that will venture

His

His body at all houres, then to offend once
With ſo much ſinne to nature.
Cor. Doe you thinke
I am a Monſter Signior?
Piſ. Better marry
An honeſt man and make one a great deale:
Your husband may be excuſd i'th progreſſe Lady,
Beſides he may have faults, a negligence
In's viſits, or miſtaking of his times,
When you are invited by another Lord
To a banquet, or take phyſicke, or the aire
Appointed by your Doctor, there are reaſons
To excuſe an active Lady that is married
But to affect your brother ſo, inexpiable.
Cor You have invention enough to furniſh
The Court with vice, how e're you ſeeme to have
Care of my ſoule, pray give me pardon Sir,
Doe you ever meane to marry?
Piſ. Marry? oh yes.
Cor. Not a Court Lady ſure.
Piſ. One of that tribe to chuſe.
Cor. Without the feare
Of being ſuch a monſter made by her
Whoſe wantonneſſe you wittily have characted.
Piſ. I'ha read my deſtinie, ſhe that I ſhall marry
Will be very honeſt, exceeding chaſt as I
Shall be to her, I did but tell you what
Whirligigs are i'th world, and that 'twere better
And ſafer for your conſcience to be one
Of *Venus* order, and keepe tame a broome,
A ſtallian Dormant then embrace a brother.
Cor. What ſhould incline you
To imagine me ſo loſt to modeſtie?
What have you read in me to make you thinke
I love my brother ſo?
Piſ. My charitie.
Cor. There's little charitie in thoſe ſuſpitions.

Have

Have you no other argument, then to all
Pisc. Your brother
Told me himselfe you lov'd him strangely.
Cor. So, so.
Pisc. Nay, nay he was i'th same pickle.
Cor. He told
You that himselfe, sob.
Pisc. Yes, yes, till I tamper'd with him
And sacrific'd his flesh with ghostly counsell,
Read Law and Lectures, I will tell you Madam
He was once so overgrowne with love, he had
Resolv'd to tell you he was not your brother,
And rather then be frustrate of his hopes
Vow'd to forsweare it, and subborne testimony
He was no kin to you, borne I know not where,
And never saw the towne afore, whose people
Had all this while cozend themselves, with an
Opinion he was *Borgia*; here's a youth now,
Did he ne're deale with you to such a purpose.
Cor. Never, he wud not be so wicked sure.
Pisc. Did you ever heare the like? you know it now,
Thanke heaven and a good friend that told you this;
A friend that wud not see this pretty vessell
Lost i'th' quick-sands, when both goods and it
May be his owne another day: I love you
And none shall doe you wrong.
Cor. I should be ingratefull
Not to acknowledge Sir this noble office
Meant to preserve me.
Pisc. That was my pure meaning,
You may requite it if you please.
Cor. With love.
Pisc. 'Tis the reward my ambition first aymes at.
Cor. I love my brother now in his owne place,
And being his bosome friend I will not question,
But to enlarge my knowledge of your worth
And take me nearer to me for his Character,

And free consent.

Pis. Vmph, now you blesse me Lady,
If his hopes thrive in the Dutchesse as I doubt not
I am made, Ile seeke him out, I wish no better
Testimony, he shall not giue you unders hand.

Cor. No haste.

Pis. He knowes me to a thought, nay, nay
He shall doo't presently, if I can light on him.

Cor. To morrow Signior, I suspect is not.

Pis. It does concerne my honour, tis done instantly.
She may be cold e're morning, Ile not lose
This opportunitie, I am made for ever. *Exit.*

Cor. He has an odde way of Courtship, sure my brother,
Vnlesse he know him better then this wildnesse
Can promise, will be sparing to contract
Our hearts too fast, he has but a rough outside,
But my strange thoughts within me are corrected,
And I possesse my selfe againe thanke providence,
Vrsini.

Enter Vrsini.

Vrs. Madam I am bold to presse
On your retirement, but when you remember
I bring no mutinous thoughts, but such as are
Devoted to your service, you will thinke it
A trespasse that may soone invite a pardon.

Cor. You must first practise to offend my Lord,
This is favour to me.

Vrs. Still such goodnesse
Flowes from your language to me at the first
Encounter, but when I take boldnesse to
Have some assurance from you alone,
Which I have hop'd and serv'd for, with the truth
Of your best honorer, you decline the subject,
Or flie the sweet conclusion.

Cor. My Lord,
That you have lov'd, at least profess'd so much,
May easily be granted, but let me

Beseech you Sir, did you upon the first
Motion that wrought upon your minde to thinke
Me worthy of your love acquaint me with it.

Vrs. No Madam,
I long cherish'd the soft fire
That tryed the pureness of it, and the object
That shot so bright a flame into my bosome,
And had suppresst it still, but that your vertue
Grew up too powerfull against it, then
I tooke leave to expresse how much I wish'd
To be your votary.

Cor. Give me equall licence
My Lord in the same cause to try my self,
I have thoughts too would be compos'd of something
In you to be examin'd.

Vrs. I submit,
And shall obey your censure, life and death
Hange on your lippe, I come to be determin'd
Your servant or your sacrifice, for to languish
At distance thus.

Cor. Then you expect an answer
Presently, I much feare my Lord I shall not,
In that particular, satisfie your Lordship.

Vrs. You want no knowledge of me, there is nothing
In my past fate but may appeare to you,
My nature needs no gloss, my blood my fame
Cleare to your view, my person not much wicked,
If these together want a charme, I can
Deserve you may love, what I know best,
The extent of my devotion, and the heart
That tho you should despise it, must still serve you.

Cor. But good my Lord what answer you to this?
Is it becomming the discretion
Of a noble servant to persue his mistris
By unruly wayes, and interpose commands
And power of great ones to be the heire
Of my Lady: though I must confesse

Her grace may challenge my obedience
To her law and person, it has beene yet a rule.
And love and religion cannot be compel'd
Vrs. You doe not conclude me, if I obtain d
A favour from the Dutchesse to propound
My wishes, and plead for me, I know well
The soule is not her subject, could her power
Bestow your body on me, and that I
Could boast my selfe Lord of beautious frame
Without your minde, I were more tyran so
Accept then she to force, and answer for
A crime more fatall then the ravishers.

Enter Pietro.

Pie. Your brother Madam.
Cor. If I have any power
My Lord you must not leave me, yet I would
Entreate your small retreate behinde the hangings
For a few minuts.
Vrs. Your command's a favour.

Enter Borgia.

Bo. Oh *Cornelia.*
Cor. What's the matter brother.
Bo. Are you alone.
Cor. You see my company.
Bo. De'e laugh at me.
Cor. Love you brother, what have I
Done to beget your doubt.
Bor. But doe you love me
More then a sister? if I were not *Borgia*
Remove from us the common tie of blood
Which is not love, but forc'd of nature in us.
Could you affect me then, then if I answerd
This honour with a true and noble flame
Vpon such brave conditions, *Cornelia*
Could our hearts meete and marry?
Cor. This were strange,
But not so strange that we should love.

Bo. Then pardon
Faireſt *Cornelia*, and make him bleſt
Whoſe very ſoule doted on thee, I have but
Vſurp'd the name of *Borgia*, I am give
Thee proofe.
Cor. 'Tis come about.

Enter Piſauro.

Bo. Piſauro welcome
The man of all mankind, moſt wiſhd for welcome.
Madam this gentleman can witneſſe I am
None of your brother, we were bred togethes,
Both borne in *Millan*, and my name is
Aurelio Androzzi ſonne to *Paulo*
Androzzi major *domo* to the Dukedome,
My friend too of a noble family,
Piſ. Did not I tell you this.
Bo. Weary of home
We both engag'd our ſelves to try our fortune
Abroad, and for the warres had laſt deſigned
Our ſelves, we tooke but *Urbin* in the way,
Where ſome good ſtarres detain'd us, and I taken
For *Borgia* purſued thus farre the ſtory.
Cor Ha, ha, ha.
Bo. De'e laugh at me, *Piſauro* ſhee's incredulous.
Speake and convince her with thy teſtimony.
Piſ. I have told enough already.
Bo. She wants faith.
Cor. That gentleman prepar'd me for this hiſtory.
Doe you not bluſh brother? Sir I thanke you.
Piſ. I am ſorry for his impudence.
Bo. Cornelia,
Piſauro Why art thou ſilent.
Piſ. I tell you I did ſpeake to her.
Cor. 'Tis time I then diſpoſe my ſelfe.
Piſ. Now my happineſſe.
Cor. My Lord I pray come forth.

Enter Vrsini.

You Gentlemen by your owne confessions
Are strangers to me, and altho I doe not
Distrust heavens providence, I shall not sinne
To give my freedome up where I am knowne;
My Lord if you accept *Cornelia*
Shee's thus confirm'd your owne.

Vrs. With greater joy
Then I would take an Empire, this drops peace
Vpon my brothers ashes, and unites
For ever our two families.

Pis. Where's the Dutchesse?

Bo. I prithee doe not vexe me.

Pis. Doe not vexe
Thy selfe, come wee're at large, our constitution
Would ha' beene troubled with a wife, we have
The world before us, store of game is necessary,
The Dutchesse.

Enter Dutchesse, Ferrara, Pietro, Iulio, Lucio Laura Melinda.

Dut. You now possesse us freely, the next morning
Shall spread this joy through *Vrbin.*

Vrs. We are happy
And every heart congratulates.

Fer. We thanke you
Signior *Vrsini*, you have beene faithfull to us.

Dut. Is your name *Borgia*?

Bo. No Madam,

Dut. Where's our letter?
We did not thinke y'ad beene so apprehensive,
You see it now confirm'd, we hope you had
No thoughts we meant it otherwise, bē prudent
And carefull in your province, heaven I see
Wud have it thus, and rectifie our folly.

Enter Mercutio.

Mer. Your pardon gratious Madam.

Dut. Signior,
We thanke your diligence, possesse our favour.

And know the Duke.

Mer. I am one of the worst keepers of a dore,

Dut. No more, all's well.

Mer. I'me glad on't.

Urs. Sir your blessing.

Cor. Madam your smiles upon us and we cannot Despaire of happinesse.

Mer. But where's *Borgia?*

Bo. I know not Sir,

Fer. Rise ever fortunate.

Pimponio within. Oyes, oyes.

Dut. What's the matter?

Iu. A foole has lost his master, and thus cries him About the Court.

Pis. *Pimponio* is my conscience.

Enter Pimponio.

Pim. Oyes;

If any man there be
In towne or in countree
Can tell me of a wight
Was lost but yester night,
His name was I know
Signior *Aurelio*,
By these markes he is knowne,
He had a bush of his owne,
Two eyes in their place
And a nose on his face,
His beard is very thinne
But no haire on his chinne,
Bring word to the cryer
His desolate squire,
And for this fine feare
Take what you can get,
And heaven blesse *Pimponio*, for no body knownes me
And I know no body else to pray for.

Cor. Hee's not my brother indeed then.

Mer. Nor my sonne.

Pis. 'Tis too true Maddam, here, here's thy master

Pim. No, no, that's Signior *Borgia*, doe not deceive your ſelfe
Bo. We are both deceiv'd *Pimponio* ſhall I hope
Of your free pardon Madam for all treſpaſſes?
My Lord your breath is powerfull.
Dut. Riſe *Aurelio*.
Fer. And be deare to us.
Mer. I hope the pardon's firme.
Dut. Irrevocable.
Mer. I'le diſpatch letters then to *Naples*, thence
He did ſalute me laſt, how were we coſend!
But Sir I thanke you for my *Borgias* pardon.
Cor. Although it be cleare now y'are not my brother
Pray take my poore acknowledgement, I ſhall
Be proud for your ſake, to preſerve your friendſhip.
Bor. May your hopes proſper in him; now we two
With licence of your excellence may
Proſecute our deſigne agen for the warres.
Dut. If nothing elſe at Court invite your ſtay
We lay commands upon you as our ſervant
That you ſee all our ceremonies finiſh'd,
To celebrate this happy union
You muſt be both our gueſts.
Pim. Doe let us feaſt
And fortifie our ſelves, we ſhall have
Our bellies full of fighting time enough.
Piſ. Thinkes your grace ſo?
Dut. Subjects may love as their rude ſenſe imparts,
But heaven doth onely governe Princes hearts.

FINIS.